VOL. CCXXI. No. 2880
PRICE TWO SHILLINGS

Fit "TripleX"- and be safe
Regd

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"
APRIL 23, 1955

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated The GRAPHIC

McVITIE & PRICE
Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits
EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

PUNCH CIGARS
Havanas Best

'Are you a POLLYGAMIST?'
A POLLYGAMIST is a man who is wedded to 'Polly'
because it makes the liveliest partner for "Scotch".
Apollinaris NATURAL SPARKLING WATER—BOTTLED AT THE SPRING.

Drambuie
THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD., YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH.

Lindt
THE CHOCOLATE OF THE CONNOISSEUR
ROD. LINDT FILS
ESTABLISHED 1879

BY APPOINTMENT
CEREBOS LIMITED, TABLE SALT AND PEPPER MANUFACTURERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI.
Cerebos
Salt of crystal purity

By Appointment Purveyors of Cognac Brandy to the late King George VI
COURVOISIER
★★★ COGNAC V.S.O.P.
The Brandy of Napoleon

BY APPOINTMENT TOILET SOAP MAKERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI
Bronnley
FINE SOAPS

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2
Registered as a Newspaper for Transmission in the United Kingdom
FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE
PRICE 2/-

Who can challenge the value to Britain of the miner? Dunlop contributes to the safety and efficiency of his work by the production of fire-resisting conveyor belting, coal cutter and pneumatic tool hose, power transmission belts, truck and trolley tyres, safety boots, knee and elbow pads. This service is typical of the part played by Dunlop in promoting efficiency and the well-being of workers in many spheres of industry.

DUNLOP

makes things better for everyone

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LTD · ST. JAMES'S HOUSE · ST. JAMES'S STREET · LONDON S.W.1

PRS/4

Players & Spectators

of judgment, knowledge, skill and taste

choose whisky

of fine reputation, mature, pure and perfectly blended

'Quality Tells'

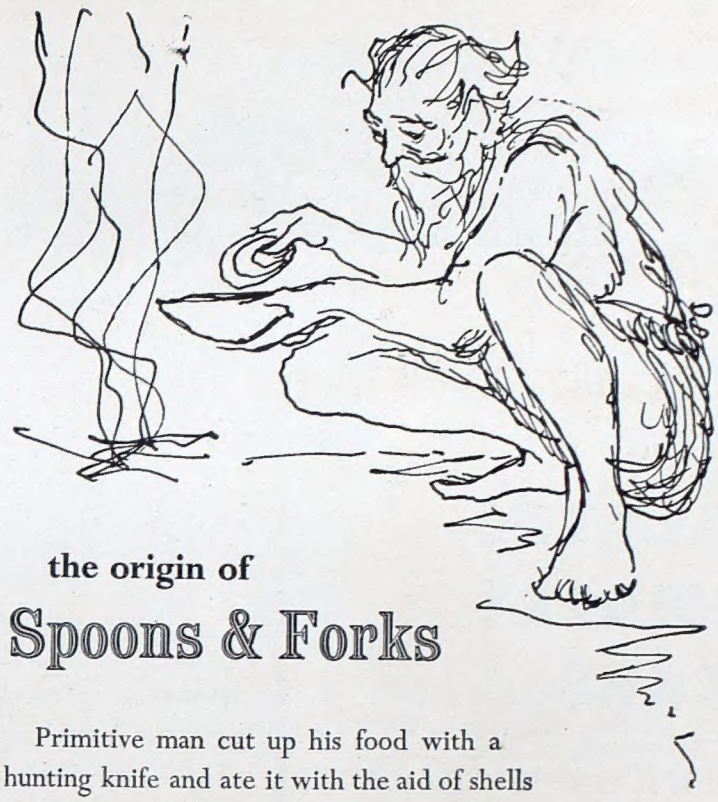
By Appointment
Scotch Whisky Distillers
to the late King George VI
Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd.

naturally

VAT 69

SCOTCH WHISKY

WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD. QUALITY ST. LEITH *London Office:* 63 PALL MALL, S.W.1.



the origin of

Spoons & Forks

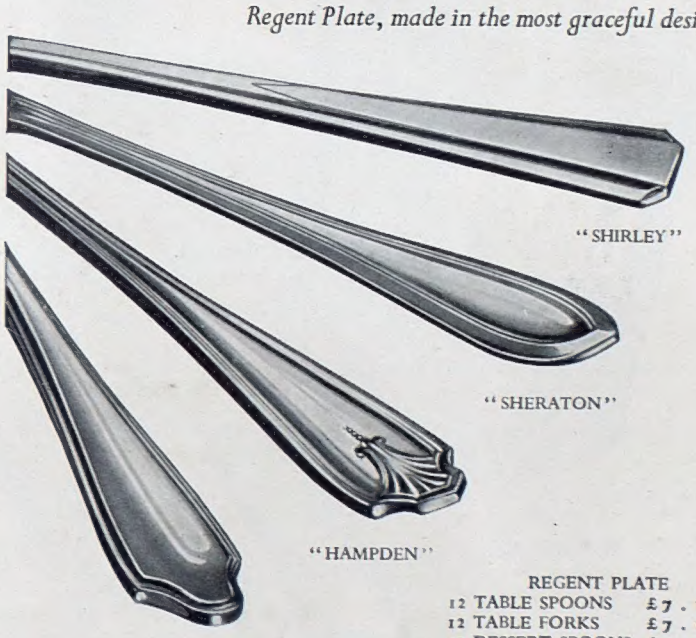
Primitive man cut up his food with a hunting knife and ate it with the aid of shells and pieces of hollowed horn.

These were probably the first spoons.

The hunting knife — the original of all knives — which was also used for carving food, came to be supplemented by a smaller knife or skewer for steadying the meat when it was being carved, or to carry the meat to the plate or trencher.

By the time of the first Queen Elizabeth each person would have his own knife and spoon, but there was probably only one fork to a household—a carving fork. Not until the beginning of the 18th century could a guest expect his own knife, spoon *and* fork—the full modern complement of cutlery.

Garrard and Co. offer you the widest choice of canteens of cutlery in Sterling Silver and Regent Plate, made in the most graceful designs.



REGENT PLATE

12 TABLE SPOONS	£7 . 10 . 0
12 TABLE FORKS	£7 . 10 . 0
12 DESSERT SPOONS	£5 . 10 . 0
12 DESSERT FORKS	£5 . 10 . 0
12 TEA SPOONS	£3 . 4 . 0

GARRARD & CO. LTD.

Crown Jewellers

formerly
THE GOLDSMITHS &
SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD.

112 REGENT STREET · LONDON · W.1 TELEPHONE · REGENT 3021

Visit the special display of

AUSTIN-HEALEY CARS

April 18—April 30

The sports car of the century ! This superb car has everything the enthusiast wants ; Speed enough and to spare ; Fitted with overdrive ; Sleek, smooth, aerodynamic beauty ! Snug seating for two and a price that beats all records for value.
£750 plus £313.12.6 purchase tax.

Also on show
THE AUSTIN-HEALEY
Record-Breaker

at

AUSTIN LONDON DISTRIBUTORS

The Car Mart Ltd

GLOUCESTER HOUSE : 150 PARK LANE, W.1 : *(Corner of Piccadilly)* : GROsvenor 3434

There is only one

LILLET

Le Meilleur
APERITIF
de la France

Now available in half bottles

The Blue Seal awarded to LEYLAC SUPERFINE ENAMEL as evidence that PURITY—QUALITY—MERIT have been maintained constantly for a period of not less than TWENTY YEARS

for **Life!**

A Leyland Quality PAINT Product

Write now for colour card to:-

LEYLAND PAINT & VARNISH CO. LTD.
LEYLAND LANCS & LONDON
BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

The Best Gift of all for Britons Overseas ! *To mark the remembrance of a birthday or to celebrate an anniversary : for business friends or clients overseas, what better or more welcome gift can you give than a subscription to The* SPHERE*?*

In every issue The SPHERE *records and illustrates important events throughout the world and contains many other features of outstanding interest, particularly of happenings in Britain and the Commonwealth. Your regular bookstall or newsagent will gladly arrange subscriptions for you. Alternatively, just write to The Publisher, The* SPHERE*, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

Subscription rates for 12 months

Home : £5.16.6
Overseas £5.18.6
Canada £5.14.0

"Most moving, Bernard, especially the part where I was hit in the eye by a golf ball and later mauled by a man-eating tiger . . . And as for the chap who kept drinking Gimlets in glorious Technicolor, he brought a large lump to my throat . . . Bernard! Let's steady our shattered nerves with gin and Rose's, large and strictly three-dimensional!"

ROSE'S LIME JUICE

for Gin and Lime

SHORT DRINK: ⅔ *gin*, ⅓ *Rose's Lime Juice*
LONG DRINK: *Fill up with soda*

THIS is the Gin...

...FOR A REVIVING 'GIN AND LIME'

Some say " Gimlet ", some say " Gin and Lime " — but all agree that this refreshing favourite is all the more heartening if you make it correctly . . . thus : Half-fill shaker with ice, add 2/3 Gordon's Gin*, 1/3 lime juice, and a small dash of bitters; shake well, and top-up with soda water.

*ASK FOR IT BY NAME

BY APPOINTMENT GIN DISTILLERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

MAXIMUM PRICES: BOTTLE 33/9d · ½ BOTTLE 17/7d · ¼ BOTTLE 9/2d · MINIATURE 3/7d · U.K. ONLY

Still finer engine performance from the

RENAULT 2-LITRE *Frégate*

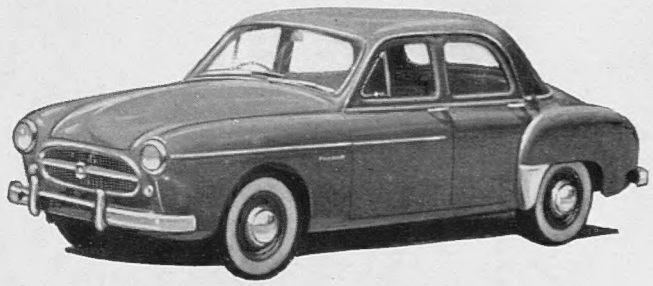
All the resources of the great Renault factory are concentrated on producing this one outstanding all-purpose car.

SPEED. Engine improvements, including increased compression ratio, raise speed to 85 m.p.h. without increasing petrol consumption.

ECONOMY. Overdrive gives exceptional petrol economy — (28 to 30 m.p.g.). Removable cylinder liners (replacement parts at £15) save the cost of a re-bore.

ROAD HOLDING. Amazing stability is ensured by independent four-wheel suspension — telescopic shock absorbers—first-class braking (2½" wide brake shoes).

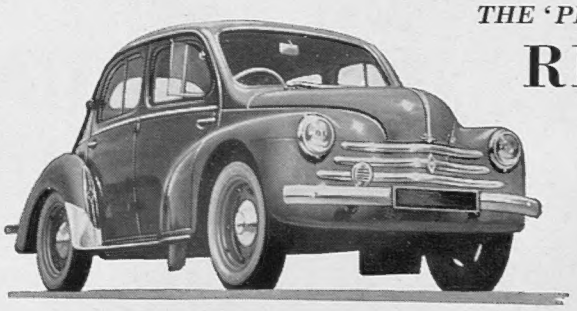
COMFORT. A real 6-Seater with arm rests, heater, air conditioner and windscreen washer as standard equipment.



★*And for the driver seeking big-car comfort with small-car economy . . .*

THE 'PENNY-A-MILE'

RENAULT '750'



- 50 m.p.g. in normal everyday use! A penny a mile! How's that for economy?
- The roomiest car in the baby range, the Renault '750' seats four adults comfortably within its wheelbase.
- Independent four-wheel suspension and telescopic shock absorbers ensure exceptional smoothness on all surfaces.
- 4-cylinder O.H.V. engine — very stout-hearted, very flexible. Removable cylinder liners (replacement parts at £7.15.0) save the cost of a re-bore.
- High manoeuvrability makes the '750' the ideal car in town traffic. It is available in saloon and convertible models.

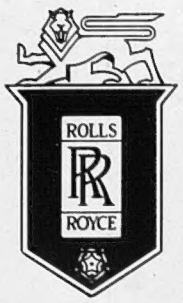
Contact our nearest Agent for a demonstration ride and let the Frégate and 750 speak for themselves

RENAULT

Established in Great Britain since 1897
Distributors throughout the United Kingdom

RENAULT LTD., WESTERN AVENUE, LONDON, W.3. SHOWROOMS: 21 PALL MALL, S.W.1

(284)



ROLLS-ROYCE

AERO ENGINES

LEAD THE WORLD

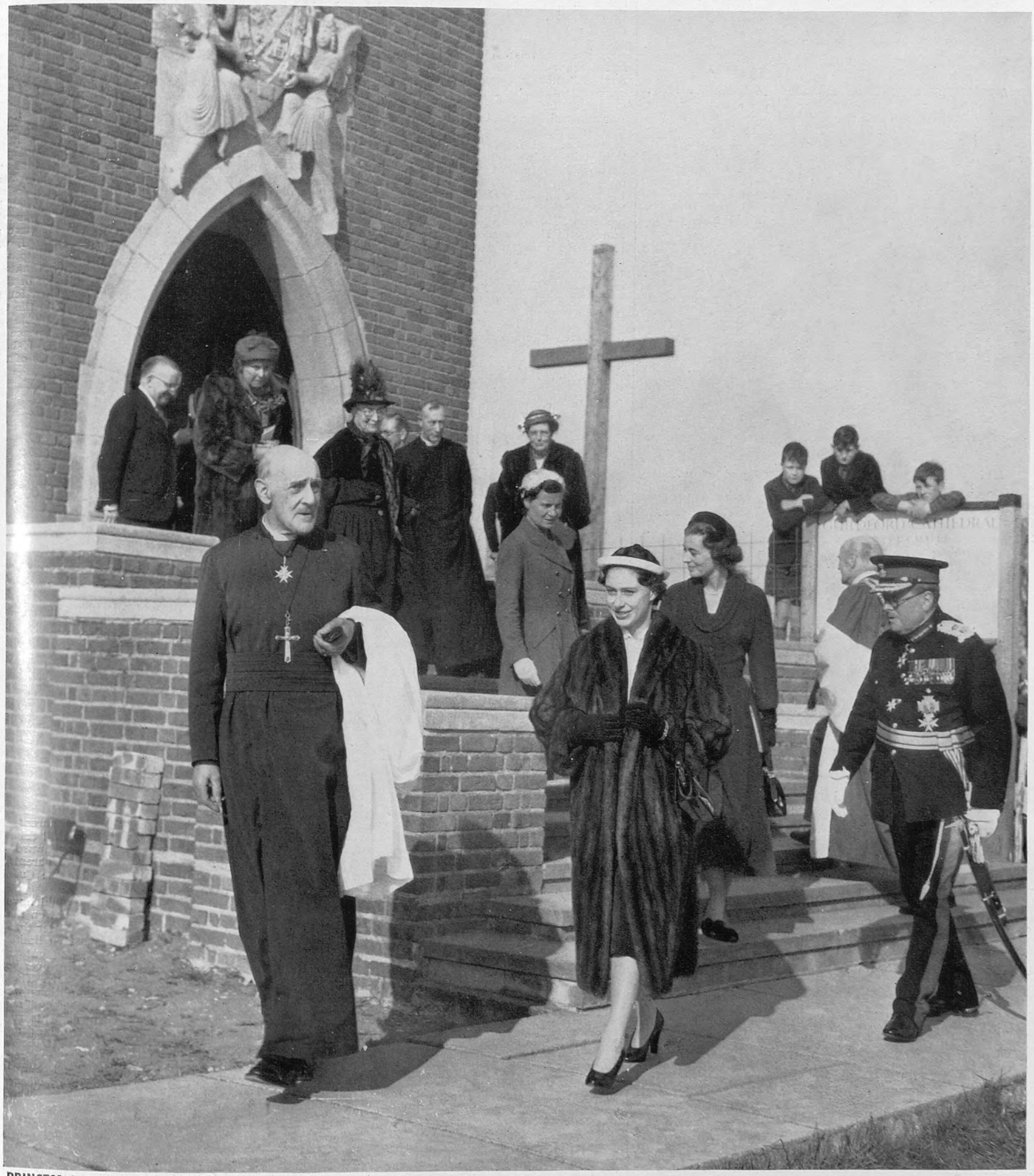
A Rolls-Royce propeller turbine engine
was the first to be officially approved for civil aviation.

Volume CCXXI No. 2880

The SPHERE, London, April 23, 1955

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

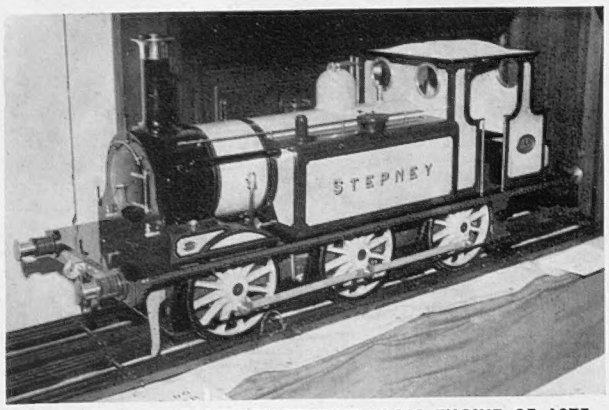


PRINCESS MARGARET WITH 15,000 PILGRIMS AT GUILDFORD CATHEDRAL—SHE IS LEAVING WITH THE BISHOP OF GUILDFORD, THE RT. REV. H. C. MONTGOMERY CAMPBELL, AND THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF SURREY, GENERAL SIR ROBERT HAINING, AFTER ATTENDING AN OPEN-AIR PILGRIMAGE SERVICE: The service inaugurated the building of the nave, the final stage in the completion of Guildford Cathedral. But only £50,000 out of the £175,000 needed for this has been raised.

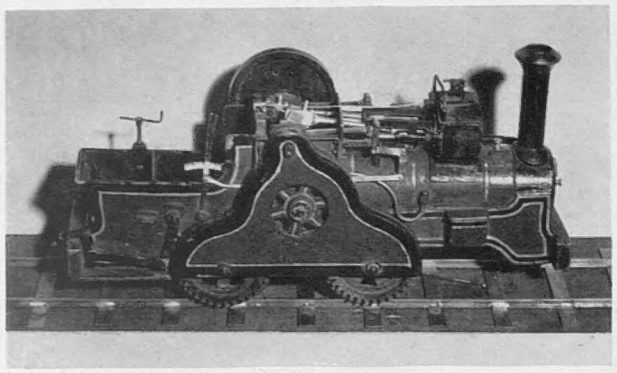
It was estimated that crowds totalling more than 50,000 were in the county town of Surrey last Sunday to welcome Princess Margaret. She was received at the Guildhall by the Lord Lieutenant of the county, General Sir Robert Haining, and the Mayor, Councillor Codd. Having inspected a guard of honour of the Queen's Royal Regiment she proceeded to the new Cathedral on Stag Hill. There she was met by the Bishop, the Rt. Rev. H. C. Montgomery Campbell, and the Provost of the Cathedral, the Very Rev. Walter Boulton. Some 15,000 pilgrims had joined in processions from various parts of the town to gather round the Cathedral for the open-air service in the grounds. Some of them were dressed in medieval costume. In the service, which was conducted by the Provost, one of the Lessons was read by a Congregational minister, Dr. J. A. Kaye, and the address was given by the Bishop. Later the Princess toured the existing parts of the Cathedral—the choir and transepts—and uncovered a stone commemorating her visit. She was shown round by the architect, Sir Edward Maufe. (Further pictures on page 136.)

Postage—Inland, 2½d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.

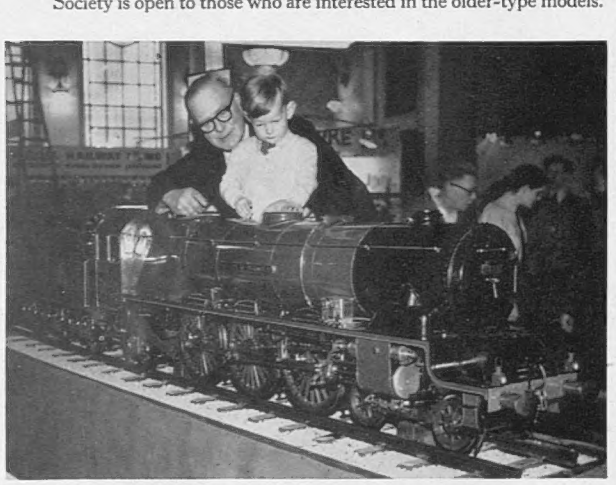
MODEL RAILWAYS ON SHOW IN LONDON



A REPLICA OF A STROUDLEY TERRIER CLASS ENGINE OF 1875 : This coal-fired steam working model was one of more than 3,000 models on show last week at the annual Model Railway Exhibition at Central Hall, Westminster. The exhibition, which has been held each year, with the exception of the war period, since 1926, attracts an average of 40,000 visitors during its four-and-a-half-day run. This year there were 450 exhibitors and the models were insured for £50,000. One of the working layouts, the Maycroft Garden Railway, demonstrated how a model railway can, in these days of small houses, be laid out in a garden. The exhibition was organised by the Model Railway Club.



AN EARLY TWENTIETH-CENTURY FASHION : A model of an Aveling Porter Compound Tramway Engine (*circa* 1903) was another of the many historical exhibits. The Historical Model Railway Society is open to those who are interested in the older-type models.



THIS MODEL TOOK NEARLY THREE AND A HALF YEARS TO BUILD : Mr. W. D. Miller, of Brighouse, Yorkshire, demonstrates his 7¼-in.-gauge Duchess class locomotive, "Duchess of Brighouse."

FOR THE TRAMWAY ENTHUSIASTS : These working models were made by members of the Tramway and Light Railway Society.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £5 16*s.* 6*d. ; 6 months and Christmas Number,* £3 *; 6 months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.,* £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s. ; and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.,* £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

In Harness.—The new Premier, having announced his principal Cabinet promotions, and, in a brief broadcast, given us the date of the General Election, is now in harness pulling the load of mischief which (to mix metaphors in an Irish manner) *faces* him. I have heard sympathy expressed for "poor Sir Anthony" filling the chair of "so great a man." If it be a matter of sympathy (which I doubt), he is in the good company of recent Sovereigns. Edward VII, George V and George VI all had to face the same "kindly" discouragement, and each within a few months showed the rogues they lied, proving themselves well fitted for their jobs in the times they lived in. Historically this curious form of "encouragement" has been more commonly given to sovereigns than to premiers, and I think in his activities over the next few months Sir Winston will cast no shadow over Sir Anthony. The three chief offices of State, Premier, Foreign Secretary, Chancellor, are filled by men of great experience, "the best we 've got," and I concur in satisfaction that Mr. Macmillan has had time at least to learn the ropes of the Defence Ministry. The two departments to-day are unusually closely linked. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd has a wide experience in the military, legal and ministerial fields and was marked for promotion. The Ministry of Defence should suit him. Lord Swinton has retired with an earldom. Apparently earldoms are still current coin, and promotions in the ranks of the peerage are still appreciated by many who qualified for the Upper House by an original barony. This has often surprised me, our democracy being what it is (or claims to be), and the Upper House being due for reform. But a Tory Government is still Disraelian as regards peerage promotions. The life of the present Parliament (as the Premier has told us) ends on May 6. No doubt, with that expectation in mind, Sir Anthony's Cabinet shuffle was not root-and-branch. Who will fill the chief offices of State on June 14 will depend on the will of the people, as well as on the then Prime Minister's recommendations to the Sovereign. It is my hope that whoever rules at No. 10 will pay a great deal of attention to home affairs.

Budget—Fore and Aft.—No nation of taxpayers can ever have come to Budget Day so little armed to receive shocks or surprises and so completely in the dark. Of course, the Chancellor's mind is officially sealed until he rises in the House. Leakages are rare and the penalties all too heavy. But speculation is always rife in the weeks just before Budget Day and is invariable in the Press, and usually produces many a good guess among the "howlers" over which a disappointed public smiles grimly after the event. When a score of wizards of finance, studying form, forecast their "naps," it is odd if one or two of them don't manage to spot a winner. For, after all, a Chancellor works on statistics available to those of the public who bother about them, and it is in truth only the secret of his *policy* in relation to published statistics which is his dark secret. And this year we were well aware that the balance of trade and fear of inflation must be prime considerations. Nevertheless, owing to the newspaper strike, the ordinary man had to do without the "naps" of the specialists, and the Budget was indeed a completely guarded secret. Certainly I heard no prophecies on the wireless and read none in the still available Press publications. And now the cat 's out of the bag, what sort of a cat is it ? Well, of course, I can't say, not having eyes which can see round the corner. My copy is "locked up" and I must wait till next week. Presumably, in view of the General Election, it will be a double Budget—the essentials before May 6 ; the loose ends (or a new version) after June 14.

A Treaty of Friendship.—I don't see how Russia could have got out of cancelling her "treaties of friendship" with Britain and France, having used for so long the threat of so doing in order to dissuade France from ratifying the Paris Agreements. If the school bully threatens to ostracise Jones minor if he continues to go about with Brown minor, and Jones persists, then the bully must make some sort of a gesture of ostracising, or his façade will crumble and he will lose face. So, we lose our treaties of friendship with the school bully. We must fall back on philosophy. We may fairly echo "Save me from my friend." If, during the reign of that treaty, we have experienced the sweets of friendship, then friendship is not the asset we supposed. Russia may think it right to dissemble her love, but why did she kick us downstairs so continuously ? Well, the treaty is torn up, and I dare say we and France won't be a penny the worse for its loss. Certainly, Russian diplomacy has been crude enough in practice since 1940. It is true that we reward our own Foreign Ministers with Garters and other honours when they bring back "peace with honour" in signed protocols, and it is true that some of those protocols appear a few years later over-priced *vis-à-vis* the rewards and the hat-waving at the time of implementation. But that is not the fault of the Minister. It is the result of the optimism of his volatile countrymen. The Russian people have no opportunity either to wave their hats or to express cynical doubt about the diplomatic triumphs of their rulers.

Primate Misreported.—"Fall into the hands of God but not into the hands of reporters." Many have said it recently. Few can resist the lure. Indeed, "democracy" requires that every pundit must face the music on his official occasions and none would dream of refusing. The Archbishop was clearly grievously misreported by no fewer than four leading news agencies. That is remarkable. When he gave out to the B.B.C. his own version of what was asked him and what replies he made, corrections were put out and, of course, the publicity was doubled, while the "doubts" he was alleged to have laid to rest were made livelier than ever. Very unfortunate indeed. My own comment will be said to be wide of the target. Myself, I think it hits the gold in one particular. The head of our Church visits a Republic in the Commonwealth, partly on private business. The world is crammed with vital, urgent problems : peace and war, the relations of East and West, the H-bomb, the hopes for religious revival, the questions of races and creeds—on all these a Primate should have valuable views to propound. What a sidelight on the triviality of a civilisation on the brink of a crater that gatherers of news and views should waste their limited time on gossip-columnist business, and drag out the private affairs of a young lady who must for ever keep silence under the fire of gossip and rumour. The Primate's answers to their impertinent questions were clearly unexceptionable, that is, if "democracy" required any answer at all. There are still moments when silence is golden, when even reporters can be denied ; and I think that was such an occasion. If the Archbishop had replied with warmth : "Ask me sensible and relevant questions or let me go," all concerned would have come more happily out of the incident.

THE HAREWOOD'S THIRD CHILD IS BAPTISED

A FAMILY OCCASION IN YORKSHIRE : The third child of the Earl and Countess of Harewood is baptised Robert Jeremy Hugh. With the parents after the ceremony, which was performed by the Bishop of Ripon at All Saints' Church, Harewood, are the Princess Royal with the Hon. James Edward Lascelles ; David Henry George, Viscount Lascelles ; and the Countess's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Stein. One of the godparents is Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother.

Breaking Habits.—I have sometimes tried to break myself of habits of doubtful value. To cut down pipe-smoking, to waste no time on crossword puzzles, and so forth. The best way of doing such things is certainly by *enforced* restraint, certainly not by will-power. People have cured themselves of smoking by an illness. A golden opportunity to cure the crossword habit offered itself of late. I didn't take it in full. I have for all too many years devoted twenty minutes every evening to solving *The Times* cross-word puzzle, and usually that is enough. When *The Times* failed me, I regret to say I fell back on filed copies of other papers and even essayed the American types (but they didn't suit me). I fear, therefore, I am not cured. Time will show to Editors and all concerned with newspapers whether the longest deprivation of one's chosen organs on record has any

material result in public demand for them. A man can in a fortnight or so establish a habit, perhaps more easily than he can break it. He may learn the fun and value of commenting for himself on the straight news. He may recall that his annual bill for newspapers is now a heavy item. He might decide that the *Sunday Sensation-Monger* is perhaps redundant and that he has existed quite tolerably without learning of half-a-dozen new "glaring scandals" or sensations every day or every Sunday (dropped like bricks and thereafter dropped like hot bricks), and that he can henceforth manage to exist with a smaller number of periodicals. He may . . . or he may not. Time will show, and the Editors will do their damnedest.

Dr. Billy Graham.—Billy Graham's Glasgow campaign, on which he set high hopes, has not disappointed him. Before the middle of April those who from all over Scotland had attended his services at Kelvin Hall numbered nearly 300,000; 7,000 had declared for Christ. Dr. Graham had realised that his task in Scotland might be more difficult than in England. He had not yet met two Scotsmen who agreed in theology. But he, and all who declared, agree that the hour was critical and Christianity the only solution. As in England, so in Scotland, the majority of those who came to hear him must be considered still as "seekers, not as finders." Still, the after-care problem was the vital one and that was the prime duty of all the churches, to go out to shake the nation out of indifference. And perhaps indifference is more perilous than open disbelief. Certainly only a fatuous ass or optimist can believe that *nothing* is needed to make us, and keep us, a great nation to-day, spiritually or materially. Our cosmos is all Ego, our feet all planted on the Earth.

Scotland's Transport.—In a swan-song speech before the Royal Burghs Convention, Lord Home raised a laugh when he said that he wondered what the Lord Provost of Edinburgh would find to do when the Forth Crossing is out of the way. There 's always the Festival, of course; and there 's no immediate fear of unemployment for the Lord Provost over the Forth Crossing, or, indeed, on other Scottish transport questions which naturally interest him. For as in England, so in Scotland, improvements in transport do not and cannot keep pace with the closure of existing means. You can close a branch railway line (to save money) in a short time. It takes years to build a road and a very long time to organise on it a bus service which will adequately perform lost service to the public. Especially is this true in a sparsely inhabited area or one which attracts tourists. We know this in the South of England. We have lost our branch line. The bus services fix their new schedules with times to suit themselves, not us, and our narrow lanes carry more and more traffic which takes up three-quarters of the road breadth, and makes these arteries more dangerous and slower still. So it is in Scotland and will be so for a decade, unless light-hearted scrapping of old means of transport keeps step with alternative modern means.

Home Market in Cars.—As the event fell out, the eve and the end of the Easter holidays *were* a bumper-to-bumper business; the Kingston By-Pass certainly proved it, for the blocks and the crawls broke records. We are certainly beginning to catch up with America, in our small way, as "an automobile-owning democracy," although, strangely enough, on that lovely Easter eve, the Hampshire roads were as free of cars as in 1912! But what has happened to the deliveries of new cars for the home market? Surely something odd and unexplained, at a time when we and the makers plan for the open-road season. My own case is by no means rare. Last October I was promised by my suppliers a new car, giving in part exchange my old model. I was asked as a favour to accept delivery before the end of the licensing year, 1954, as delivery would be "almost immediate." It is now April and during that time, my local suppliers have received one single car out of the many they confidently expected. They have done no business at all, and that at a time when the market in Australia and elsewhere was threatened with austerity. And my group is only one of many who deal in various "popular" types of car. The same mysterious hold-up is found in several others. Presumably these popular brands are still rolling off the assembly stocks. We have heard that no *more*, at any rate, are going abroad. Why, then, this starvation of the home market? Heaven knows, the roads won't hold many more. But authority has never yet considered rationing output for home consumption on that account alone. It is certainly mysterious.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

LAUNCHING A SHIP

By GEORGE BLAKE

With Special Drawings by CAVENDISH MORTON

ALSO

PROSPECTS FOR THE 1955 YACHTING SEASON

By UFFA FOX, illustrated with Photographs and a Painting by MONTAGUE DAWSON

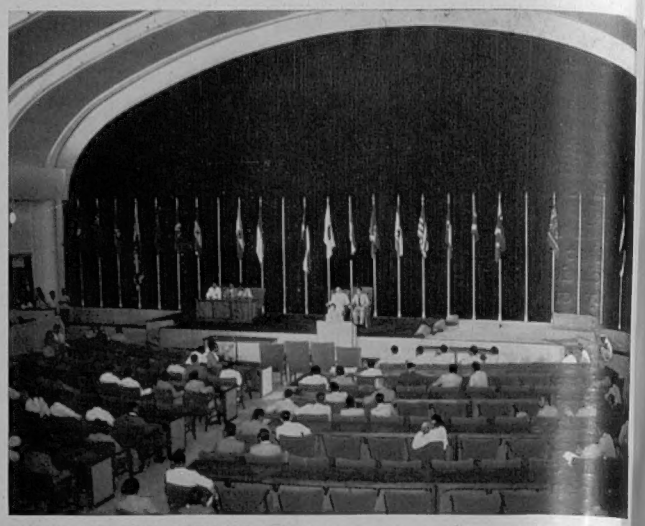
PRINCESS MARGARET VISITS NEWBURY, IN BERKSHIRE

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS LAYS THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW CHURCH OF ST. JOHN: Seen with her on the platform in these pictures are the Bishop of Oxford, Dr. H. J. Carpenter, and Mr. H. A. Benyon, the Lord Lieutenant of Berkshire. On the right of the picture are the Mayor of Newbury, Councillor R. J. Huckle, and Mr. S. E. Dykes Bower, the architect of the new church. Also taking part in the service was the Vicar, the Rev. A. J. W. Pritchard, who later accompanied the Princess on a tour of the present temporary church. This has served the parish since 1944, after the old church had been destroyed by bombs. It was the only Berkshire church to be entirely destroyed during the war. The new church is expected to be completed by May of next year. £15,000 is required to meet the total cost of £70,000.

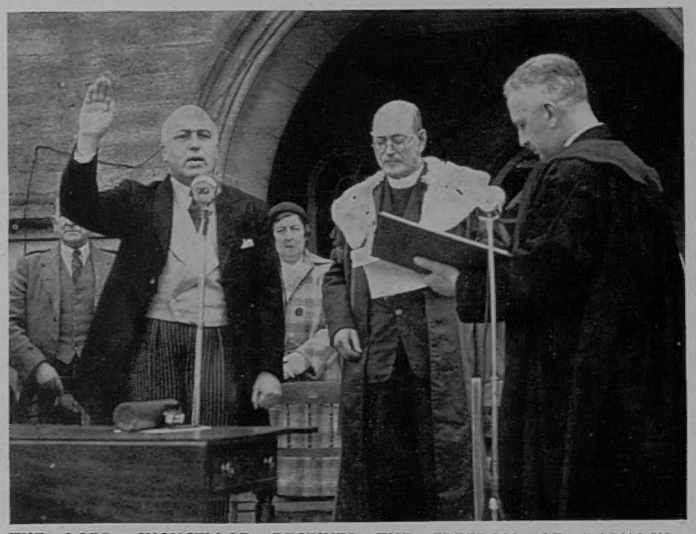
A REVIEW OF LAST WEEK'S NEWS

THE AFRO-ASIAN CONFERENCE AND OTHER NEWS PICTURES FROM HOME AND ABROAD

THE MEETING-PLACE FOR A HISTORIC CONFERENCE : Indonesian troops march past the hall in Bandoeng, Indonesia, where the Afro-Asian Conference opened last Monday. The flags of the twenty-nine participating countries fly round the building, except for Sudan, which has not yet a national flag. Among the Prime Ministers at Bandoeng are Mr. Nehru (India), Colonel Nasser (Egypt), Chou En-lai (China) and U. Nu (Burma). The list of the participants is: Afghanistan, Burma, Cambodia, Ceylon, China, Egypt, Ethiopia, Gold Coast, India, Indonesia, Iraq, Japan, Jordan, Laos, the Lebanon, Liberia, Libya, Nepal, Pakistan, the Philippines, Persia, Saudi Arabia, Siam, the Sudan, Syria, Turkey, North Viet Nam, South Viet Nam and the Yemen.



READY FOR THE OPENING : The last carpets are laid and loud-speakers tested in the beflagged hall in Bandoeng, where the Afro-Asian Conference is meeting. At the opening, President Soekarno, of Indonesia, claimed it represented 3/5ths of the world population.



THE LORD CHANCELLOR RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF DORNOCH : Viscount Kilmuir of Creich raises his right hand as he repeats the oath during the ceremony at the County Buildings last week-end. At the extreme right of the picture is Mr. William C. Wright, the Town Clerk, who is administering the oath. Dornoch was the town where the Lord Chancellor's mother was born, and the ceremony took place within sight of her house. Introduced by the Provost, the Rev. William Macleod, Lord Kilmuir said that the day was one of the proudest in his life, and that it was a family occasion unsurpassed by any in his experience. There have only been three freedom ceremonies in Dornoch in thirty years. The surviving burgesses, in addition to Lord Kilmuir, are Earl Jowitt and the Duke of Sutherland.

THREE NEW BURGESSES AT INVERNESS : From left to right in this picture are : Sir Hugh Mackenzie, Deputy-Chairman of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board ; Captain A. Miers, V.C. ; and Mr. Thomas Johnston, Chairman of the Hydro-Electric Board. On the right is the Provost of Inverness, J. M. Grigor.

A TRIPLE CEREMONY AT INVERNESS : This was the scene as Mr. Thomas Johnston was sworn in as a bu and Guild Brother by the Town Clerk. Two other men received the freedom of the burgh o same day. They were Sir Hugh Mackenzie and Captain Anthony Miers, V.C. The new burgesses received a solid silver quaich in place of the usual casket, and the Provost placed a gold ring on the index finger of symbolise the marriage to the Royal Burgh. In his speech, the Provost paid tribute to the work done for Scotl Sir Hugh Mackenzie and Mr. Johnston through the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board. Sir Hugh Inverness man and had been Provost of the burgh from 1934 until 1945. Captain Miers was another nessian, and he won his V.C. for a submarine attack on enemy shipping in Corfu Harbour in 1942. Of C Miers, the Provost said that he had shed lustre on his native town by winning Britain's highest awa valour. Replying to the Provost's speech, Mr. Johnston said that within a few decades, Inverness would centre of a great lumber industry. After the ceremony, the new burgesses were the guests at a civic

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S GRANDSON IS CHRISTENED ABOARD "DISCOVERY": From left are—Canon Thomas; Canon Brown, the Precentor of Southwark Cathedral; Mr. S. T. Johnstone, Curator of the Severn Wildfowl Trust; Mr. Peter Scott, the son of the great explorer; Mrs. Scott, holding their ten-month-old child, and Mrs. Johnstone. *Discovery*, in which Captain Scott voyaged to the Antarctic in 1901, is being refitted in London Docks. The ship's bell was the font in which Canon Brown christened the boy Richard Falcon. Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone were godparents.

A MISHAP IN MISSISSIPPI: The bridge over the Homochitto River at Natchez, which collapsed recently, when floodwaters reached a peak height. Eyewitnesses reported that at least three cars had driven across the bridge and plunged into the river before the alarm was given. The cars and drivers had not been discovered twenty-four hours after.

On left—

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH VISITS PARATROOPS AT ALDERSHOT: Prince Philip steps from a helicopter in which he had flown from Windsor Castle soon after his return from the tour of Lancashire with the Queen. About 1,500 men and 200 vehicles were paraded for the Duke's inspection and 10,000 people witnessed the military display from points around the arena. Among those present was Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, the Colonel Commandant of the Parachute Regiment. A Royal salute of twenty-one guns was fired as Prince Philip arrived.

A RIOT IN AN AMERICAN PRISON: At the gaol in Huntsville, Texas, a prisoner, Charles Pierce (in the right foreground with a bandana round his head), shouts defiance during a riot which broke out a week ago. He was demanding improved meal conditions for the convicts. Fifty-two prisoners joined in, refusing to go to their cells until their demands were met.

PARACHUTE TROOPS PARADE FOR THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: The scene as the Duke took the salute during the drive past. While Prince Philip was at Aldershot, the paratroopers staged a mock attack, using the new F.N. self-loading rifles. The Duke also saw a display of synthetic parachute training and inspected equipment prepared for dropping. As the Duke of Edinburgh entered the helicopter to return to Windsor, the massed bands of the Parachute Regiment played "Will Ye No Come Back Again."

THE QUEEN IN LANCASHIRE

Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh Spend Two Days Touring the County

"THE FIRST TIME THE REIGNING MONARCH HAS VISITED A PROVINCIAL POLICE HEADQUARTERS" : The Queen is seen speaking to Sergeant C. Williams, one of the sergeants in charge of police dogs, during her visit to the County Police H.Q. at Hutton, near Preston. The Queen and the Duke were met by officials, including the Chief Constable, Colonel T. E. St. Johnston, and conducted on a tour of the H.Q., which lasted nearly an hour. They witnessed a demonstration of underwater frogmanship; inspected the contents of a "crime van" and saw a practice run on the controlled skidding course. In the central information room the Royal visitors saw how the force keeps in touch with radio cars.

THE QUEEN SIGNS THE DISTINGUISHED VISITORS' BOOK AT MORECAMBE: This ceremony took place just after the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh had arrived in Lancashire at the start of their two-day tour of the county. Seen with the Queen are the Mayor, Councillor E. B. Clegg (right), and the Town Clerk, Mr. R. Rose. Also at the station to welcome the Royal visitors to the county was the Lord Lieutenant of Lancashire, Lord Derby. When the Queen signed the Visitors' Book at the station she also autographed two pictures.

A VISIT TO A COTTON FACTORY IN NELSON: Her Majesty walks between weaving machines during her tour of the Malvern Mill of Walter Pollard, Ltd. She also visited other factories in the county.

OUTSIDE LANCASTER TOWN HALL THE LANCASHIRE COUNTY MOUNTED POLICE IN CEREMONIAL DRESS FOR A GUARD FOR THE ROYAL ARRIVAL: The Queen and the Duke are leaving their car to be greeted by the Mayor, Councillor R. Scott. After inspecting the guard of honour of the 5th Battalion, the King's Own R... Regiment (Lancaster) (T.A.), the Roy... couple went into the Mayor's Par... where, with Lord Woolton, the Chanc... of the Duchy, at her side, the Que... held a reception for the Duchy's tenan... At Lancaster Castle the Queen w... formally offered the keys by the Constab... Lord Sefton, who later accompanied H... Majesty and the Duke on a tour ... inspection. In the Shire Hall t... were shown some of the 600 shie... which date from the reign of K... Richard I, and which are mainly of C... stables of the Castle and of High Sher...

On left—

THE WELCOME AT PRESTON STATIO... Accompanied by the May... Councillor J. F. Gray, the Que... leaves the Royal train and sm... in acknowledgment to the welco... from the crowd assembled on ... platform. The first visit in Pres... was to the Town Hall. Later, the Qu... and the Duke drove to the cro... hall, where they had lunch and w... the Chairman of the Lancashire Co... Council, Alderman Andrew Sm... proposed the loyal toast. As in o... Lancashire towns visited by the Qu... Preston was decorated for the occa...

WAVING TO THE CROWD FROM THE BALCONY OF BURNLEY TOWN HALL : This visit took place on the second day of the Lancashire tour when, in addition to other towns, the Royal couple also visited Accrington and Colne.

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE MEET THE STARS : Eddie Fisher, the American singer, is presented to the Royal visitors during the Royal Variety Performance at Blackpool.

BLACKPOOL "EN FÊTE" FOR THE ROYAL TOUR : The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, with members of their party, are seen in the Royal box at the Blackpool Opera House during the Royal Variety Performance. The drive from the Royal train had been made along a gaily-decorated route which included some of the town's famous illuminations which had been switched on for the visit. The Variety Show was attended by about 3,000 people. Among those taking part were the Crazy Gang, Arthur Askey, and George Formby.

OUTSIDE THE TOWN HALL AT BLACKBURN : In this town the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited Mullard (Blackburn) Works Ltd., where nearly 35,000,000 radio valves are produced each year. They watched an inspector sorting industrial diamonds valued at about £15,000, and saw the work of the components' division. As they went about the vast factory the Queen and the Duke asked many questions. At the moment about 4,000 people are employed at the works, but when new factories are completed in the area the number employed by the Company will be increased to 6,000.

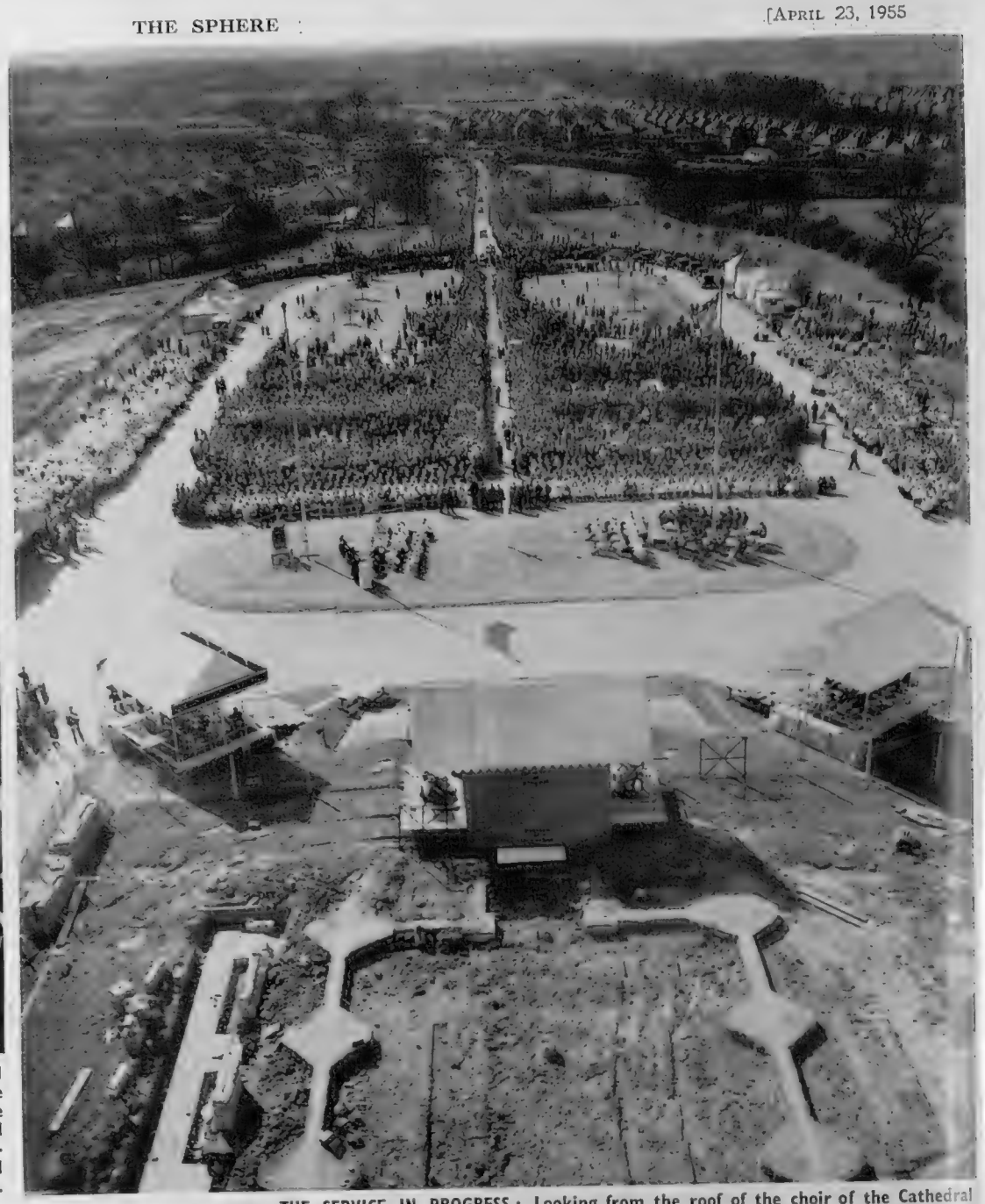
On left—

A SMILE AND A WAVE TO THE PEOPLE OF DARWEN : Seen with the Queen on the dais at the Town Hall during her short stay in the town is the Mayor, Mr. Norman Briggs. During the four-mile drive from Darwen to Blackburn the Queen and the Duke received an enthusiastic welcome from the people lining the roads.

A ROYAL PILGRIM

Princess Margaret Joins in the Special Service in the Grounds of Guildford Cathedral

ALL EYES ON THE PRINCESS: Some of the vast crowd round Guildford Cathedral watching Princess Margaret leave after attending the pilgrims' service to inaugurate the building of the nave. In the background is the completed part of the Cathedral—the choir, transepts and the 180 ft.-high tower—begun in 1936. When finished the building will be cruciform in plan. The architect is Sir Edward Maufe.



THE SERVICE IN PROGRESS: Looking from the roof of the choir of the Cathedral at the great concourse of pilgrims from Guildford diocese, who joined with Princess Margaret in the open-air service in the Cathedral grounds last Sunday. The foundations of the new nave are in the foreground.

PILGRIMS IN MEDIEVAL STYLE: The head of one of the pilgrims' processions reaches the Cathedral on Stag Hill. Many of the pilgrims were dressed as knights, squires and ladies of the Middle Ages, some of them, as seen here, riding on caparisoned horses.

THE PROCESSION OF MASSED CHOIRS: Choirboys and choirmen walk in procession up to the Cathedral. £50,000 has now been subscribed, so that work can begin on the nave. But altogether £175,000 will be needed.

THE GREAT MASADA ROCK ON WHICH JUDEA'S RULER BUILT HIS FORTRESS : A view from the south of the 900-ft. precipice on the south-west shores of the Dead Sea. It is on the north side that archæologists from the Israeli Department of Antiquities have discovered the remains of the palace of Herod the Great, ruler of Judea 40–4 B.C.

THE PALACE OF HEROD THE GREAT

The Discovery of the 2,000-year-old Fortress by the Shores of the Dead Sea May be One of the Most Important Archæological Finds Yet Made in Israel

The Israeli Department of Antiquities has announced the discovery of the palace of Herod the Great, who was ruler of Judea from 40–4 B.C., and whose reign is commemorated in the early chapters of the Gospels. The palace was unearthed beneath 3 ft. of sand and rubble on the north side of an isolated rock 900 ft. high at Masada, on the south-west shores of the Dead Sea. The survey of the discoveries so far made by Mr. Avi-Yona, in charge of the field work, shows that the palace is built in the magnificent style for which Herod the Great was renowned. Among the features identifying the building were the Corinthian and Ionic columns; the discoveries correspond to the contemporary descriptions of the fortress by the historian Josephus.

The building consists of three tiers. On the top tier was found a house with nine rooms, in which the earliest mosaics yet uncovered in Israel were discovered. At the lowest level is the terrace of columns. The different levels and the numerous buildings on each were linked by protected stairways and secret passages. Among the most important discoveries was that of a large number of reservoirs with considerable capacity—a curious find in view of the small amount of rainfall in the area.

The strategic position of the palace and its fortress aspect confirm the belief that it was intended to be a stronghold. Herod the Great, however, never had to make use of it as a fortress; it was nearly seventy years after his death, in A.D. 73, that the defences of the palace were tested. Then, following the destruction of the Second Temple in Jerusalem, the Masada palace became the last stronghold to fall to the Romans.

ONE OF THE COLUMNS TO WHICH GREAT IMPORTANCE HAS BEEN ATTACHED : A Corinthian column found on the site of the Herodian Palace. The building was in part identified by its Corinthian and Ionic columns.

THE FORTRESS ON TOP OF THE MASADA ROCK : This close-up view of the palace shows the three terraces which comprised the 2,000-year-old building. The two men are seen standing on each of the higher levels, while the columns mark the third and lowest of the terraces.

A World Survey

A PICTORIAL REVIEW OF RECENT EVENTS IN EUROPE, AMERICA, AFRICA AND ASIA

On left—

THE AUSTRIAN CHANCELLOR IN MOSCOW : Herr Julius Raab speaking into the microphone on his arrival at Moscow Airport at the head of an Austrian delegation which had come to discuss the possibility of an Austrian Peace Treaty with Russia. Also in the group at the airport are, from left, Mr. Mikoyan, a Vice-Chairman of the Soviet Council of Ministers; Mr. Molotov, the Soviet Foreign Minister; an interpreter; Herr Norbert Bischoff, Austrian Ambassador in Moscow, immediately behind Herr Raab; and Dr. Leopold Figl, the Austrian Foreign Minister. It was reported that agreement between Soviet and Austrian leaders had been reached on major issues, and that as a result the way to Four-Power talks leading to a Treaty was open.

DESTRUCTION COMES TO BOWLING GREEN : A brick building comes down with a roar as the fire which destroyed three-quarters of the business centre of the little town of Bowling Green, Virginia, still rages. The fire, which started in a barn, swept through Bowling Green's buildings and caused £200,000 worth of damage before it could be brought under control. Firemen, some of whom came 40 or 50 miles, were hampered by a shortage of water, and were only able to put out the flames after fighting them for over four hours.

DEATH OF A VIRGINIAN TOWNSHIP : An aerial view of Bowling Green, 30 miles north of Richmond, Virginia, after the fire on Easter Sunday had destroyed eighteen of the twenty-two buildings in the business centre. The town's population is 7

AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE IN THE PHILIPPINES : The huge dome of a Muhammadan mosque near Dansalan, capital of Lanao Province, is seen sprawled on the ground after the earthquakes which struck the island of Mindanao, in the southern Philippines, at the beginning of the month. Altogether it is believed that some 500 people lost their lives in the 'quakes, and that 2,000 people were injured. Nearly 12,000 people were made homeless. In Lanao it was stated that there was little hope for those persons listed as missing : it was probable that they had been swept into Lake Lanao by the tidal waves that followed the earthquake and added to the huge damage and the death roll. President Ramon Magsaysay paid a number of visits to the stricken island. After his first tour he ordered supplies to be flown to Mindanao; later he supervised the administering of relief.

THE PHILIPPINES PRESIDENT MAKES A PERSONAL INSPECTION : President Ramon Magsaysay giving money to a patient in hospital at Lanao during one of his visits to victims of the earthquakes. The President ordered an air-lift of food and medical supplies

THE END OF A RUSSIAN SCHOOLBOY'S ESCAPADE: Valery Lysikov, second from right, leaves the American sector of Berlin, followed by his mother and his father, a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Soviet Air Force. The seventeen-year-old Russian schoolboy had arrived from East Berlin last month seeking asylum, and despite the appeals of his parents, and strong protests from the Soviet authorities, he had refused to return. He changed his mind about staying in the West, because he feared that the safety of his parents was endangered by his escapade.

THE SOVIET PRESIDENT AT HUNGARY'S "LIBERATION DAY" CELEBRATIONS: Marshal Voroshilov waves at a military parade in Budapest during the celebrations which marked the tenth anniversary of the entry of Soviet troops into the capital. Immediately to the Soviet President's left is Mr. Rakosi, the First Secretary of the Hungarian Communist Party. To his right is Mr. Dobi, the Hungarian President. A notable absentee from the celebrations was the Hungarian Prime Minister, Mr. Imre Nagy, whose dismissal became known later. He was said to be ill. Mr. Rakosi used the occasion to say that the present Government was busy "undoing the damage done" while Mr. Nagy held office.

THE CROWN PRINCE AND THE FILM STAR: Prince Akihito with the film actress Silvana Pampanini at the opening of the Italian Film Festival in Tokyo. At the extreme right is London-born Princess Chichibu. The Film Festival's opening took place at the Takarazuka Theatre, known to American servicemen after the war as the Ernie Pyle.

THE MAGIC OF EGYPT FOR A MIDDLESEX SCHOOLBOY: Howard Jones, a fourteen-year-old Kenton boy, is seen with his mother on camels at the Pyramids. The boy had run away from home last month in order to visit archæological sites in Spain. He was said to be "mad about archæology." He was returned home by police, but Lieut.-Colonel Nasser, the Egyptian Prime Minister, heard the story. He displayed the astute diplomacy for which he is becoming renowned by inviting both Howard and his mother to Egypt to see the great archæological sites there. The offer was promptly accepted, and both saw Egypt in style. They were also received by Lieut.-Colonel Nasser at his Cairo residence.

THE DISCOVERER OF A SUCCESSFUL VACCINE AGAINST POLIOMYELITIS: Dr. Jonas E. Salk, the forty-year-old specialist at Pittsburgh University, whose report published last week shows that his anti-infantile paralysis vaccine has proved an overwhelming success in tests involving 2,000,000 children last year. He reported at Ann Arbor, Michigan, that the vaccine could be regarded as potentially 100 per cent. effective and could bring complete triumph over polio and its aftermath. A spokesman for the British Medical Research Council welcomed the announcements about the new vaccine, but warned that it was premature to celebrate victory over polio in Britain, as viruses of the disease differ in various parts of the world. In Britain the vaccine could not be brought into practical use for some time, and it was no use parents asking to have their children vaccinated yet. In the United States plans have been announced for mass inoculations.

On left—
PRIZE MULE-TEAMS AT THE CAPE SHOW IN SOUTH AFRICA: A large crowd at the showgrounds at Goodwood, near Cape Town, watch some of the prize mule-teams parading in the arena. It is claimed by the Western Province Agricultural Association, who were holding their fifty-fifth Annual Show, that nowhere else in the world can such mule-teams be seen. The spans of mules which were exhibited cost each owner about £2,000. Judging is based on the individual appearance of each mule, and on how they are matched to the span of eight.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

By VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER

The Laxton Estate.—Laxton, in Nottinghamshire, is the sole survival of the Open Field system of farming, common to most of the Southern, Midland and Eastern counties of England before the Great Enclosures of 1800. It has had remarkably few owners. Domesday tells us that before the Conquest it belonged to a Saxon thane, Tochi. Then the Norman Geoffrey Alselin took it over and it remained in the hands of his descendants until 1618, when it passed to the Duke of Buckingham. He sold it in 1625 to Sir William Courten, a successful merchant, whose son disposed of the entire property in 1640 to Robert Pierrepont, Earl of Kingston, and his family kept it until 1952.

Owing to the difficulty of making medieval farming pay, it then came into the hands of the Ministry of Agriculture, who placed it under the management of the Agricultural Land Commission, with the sole purpose of preserving a relic of great historic interest. I am indebted to the Commission for the substance of the following account of Laxton to-day.

Laxton comprises about two dozen holdings with a total of 1,758 acres. Most of the homesteads and buildings are grouped in the village, some with an appreciable area of land attached, and most with enough for a small paddock. The remaining land of each holding is scattered all over the parish, some is Open Field land, subject to the rules of communal farming, some is enclosed, some takes the form of strips in fields shared with others but not restricted by cropping regulations, although, in fact, the lack of fences means that everyone more or less has to conform.

Distances are considerable. A tenant may have a small field 1½ miles to the west of the homestead and a similar field a mile to the east. This shows very well why Laxton cannot be much more than an historical curiosity, although the new landlord is tactfully trying to consolidate holdings whenever the chance occurs.

The three Open Fields, which together add up to about 750 acres, are worked in a three-course rotation of winter corn, spring corn (or some other spring crop, e.g., peas or beans), bare fallow. When the harvest is over, the field which has borne a crop of wheat in that year is declared "Open," and any farmer who has land in the Open Fields may turn in as many cattle and sheep as he wishes. In October all stock is moved to the field which has just borne a crop of spring corn and which is to be fallow in the next season. In November all cattle are removed, and the stock left in the field may not exceed twenty sheep for each farmer. These sheep can stay in the fallow field throughout the year, until the next harvest.

Intersecting the Open Fields are strips of grass and roadways known as "sykes." These provide grazing on the fallow fields, while the grass on the "sykes" in the cornfields is sold each year for mowing, the aftermath being grazed when the corn is cut.

The ancient Court Leet of the Manor of Laxton still operates to control the Open Field system. It consists of a Steward and Bailiff and a Clerk appointed by the Lord of the Manor (now the Minister) and a jury of twelve men with a foreman. The jurymen are all parishioners of Laxton and they are, in fact, mostly tenants of the estate. The Court levies fines on individual farmers for encroaching on the "sykes" or for infringing the grazing rules. It has legal power to deal with other offences also, but in practice it does not do so.

The Court sits in early December, when the new jury is sworn in. The fines imposed by the previous jury are approved after the culprits have had a chance (which they seldom take) of pleading their case. The jury does not meet again till the following year, when, about a week before the next Court, it inspects the fallow field (now sown with wheat), puts out fresh stakes for the boundaries of the "sykes," notes the infringements and imposes the fines.

Although minor improvements can be made, Laxton can never be economic by modern standards. This is reflected in the rents which the holdings command. But Laxton is unique, a piece of living history, and there is no lack of tenants, especially among local people who have been brought up in a tradition which must date back at least a thousand years, probably more.

THE ONLY SURVIVAL OF THE MEDIEVAL SYSTEM OF LAND-OWNING: A view by Aerofilms of Laxton, in Nottinghamshire, where the Open Field system of farming still pertains. All the farmsteads, with their paddocks, stand together in the village, on the left, instead of being dotted about the countryside. The three Open Fields are in the left foreground, centre foreground and on the right in the middle distance.

Dr. C. S. Orwin.—The best study of Laxton and of the type of farming it represented is contained in a book called *The Open Fields*, first published in 1938 and reissued in revised form the other day. Its authors are Dr. Orwin and his wife, who both, curiously enough, have the same initials C. S. Dr. Orwin was the first Principal of the Institute for Research in Agricultural Economics at Oxford, a post which he held for some thirty years, retiring at the end of the last war.

His influence has been very great, and future generations will remember him as one of the chief pioneers of this branch of science in the country. More than that—and this is where I follow him unashamedly—he has preached almost alone the policy of revitalising the countryside by putting small factories in villages to replace the crafts that have gone. Farming was never the only thing that countrymen did. In the heyday of the village there were almost as many craftsmen as labourers, but when the towns undercut rural industry the economy of the countryside was unbalanced, and it has remained so ever since.

It always amazes and inspires me to read how a pioneer makes his way in the face of difficulties, and Orwin's life is no exception. The son of a country doctor with Leftish opinions, he always wanted to farm but never had the necessary money. He turned to land agency, and became the first student of the South-Eastern Agricultural College, at Wye, under the late Sir Daniel Hall. But a diploma from Wye and various other qualifications cut no ice before the First War. You had to have influence to get a job, and your ability to organise a country-house shoot was considered far more valuable than knowing how to farm or value a crop or design a cowhouse.

So Orwin went to London and worked in a house agent's office for £1 a week and later looked after the country office of the firm in Kent. All valuable experience, but it wasn't a living, and he was glad for a minor appointment on the staff of his old college at Wye. Here he began serious research and expanded his knowledge of other subjects, notably forestry, which he pursued on vacations in Germany. Then came a dramatic chance. He got the job as land agent to Christopher Turnor, who owned 25,000 acres in Lincolnshire. Turnor was an original who was prepared to give education a chance. He wanted a man with knowledge and ability, who took the land seriously as a business as well as a pleasant way of living. For seven years he gave Orwin almost a free hand to manage some 40 square miles of farm property, struggling to survive in the aftermath of the agricultural depression of the 1880's–90's. Orwin says he has never worked so hard or so fast.

He had to be an administrator, a surveyor, an architect, a builder, an accountant, a farmer, and have a working knowledge of local government and rating, engineering and forestry. Nowadays these qualifications are acquired by a long course of study and apprenticeship. Orwin had to learn much of his job as he went along. It is a great credit to him that he kept himself and the estate afloat, and to his employer for placing such trust in him.

Shortly before the First War his old master and friend, Sir Daniel Hall, succeeded in launching at Oxford the first institution for investigating the basic economy of the land, and Orwin was appointed to it. Why was farming constantly depressed? Why couldn't it evolve a scientific system of management like industry? Why was the countryman the poor relation of the townsman? How did English agriculture stand in relation to international trade? This was the work that Orwin fostered for the greater part of his life, together with other appointments which fell to him at Oxford, notably Estates Bursar to Balliol College, of which he is now an Honorary Fellow.

He has done so many things that it is impossible to do justice to them all—served on Wages Boards and on the Councils of leading agricultural societies, and helped preserve the amenities of Oxford. He now lives in honoured retirement in a small village in the Berkshire Downs. What a long way from house agency at £1 a week!

A NINETY-YEAR-OLD AGRICULTURAL ENGINEER: At his workshop in Chipstable, Somerset, Mr. Alfred Pool starts his 2-h.p. oil engine, which he built over fifty years ago.

A Village Engineer.—Not far from my home in Somerset there lives a remarkable old man, just turned ninety. Mr. Alfred Pool is one of the last, perhaps the very last—of the true village engineer-inventors, who trained as blacksmiths and carpenters and took the internal combustion engine in their stride. His workshop is still in action in the hamlet of Chipstable, and there you can see at least two of the small oil engines he and his brother made for local farmers about the turn of the century.

Apart from the heavy castings done for them in Tiverton or Taunton, everything was meticulously made on the spot. They cut their own patterns, did their own brass founding and used their own lathes. Pool engines had an excellent reputation for driving any kind of fixed machinery, and the one I saw at Chipstable has been working without major maintenance for at least fifty years. Unlike other industrialists, Mr. Pool never wanted to emigrate to the town. Clerk to the Parish Council and a keen bell-ringer, he was a villager and a craftsman who served agriculture just like the others for whom the parish was their home and their world.

At the same time, he never lost touch with modern developments. He helped bring the telephone to the village, was a keen amateur of radio, and had a spell as a professional photographer. He has got a crate full of photographic plates in his attic to-day, a mine, I feel sure, of social history. He was also good enough to let me record on a tape machine a wonderful description he gave me of the way sawyers worked in the old days—the old man standing on top of the log, the young one down below in the pit—and this recording has now been processed for permanent safe-keeping by the B.B.C. It is a fine social document. An hour spent with Mr. Pool is a vivid and rewarding experience.

History on View

Two Magnificent National Trust Houses Now Open to the Public

UPPARK, ON THE SOUTH DOWNS, IN SUSSEX : It was presented to the National Trust a year ago and was open for the first time to the public last week-end. This eighteenth-century mansion has invaluable furniture and house decorations. On the right is the Laundry, which is being restored.

THE LIVING-ROOM : It is one of the most richly furnished and decorated apartments in Uppark. Joint owners with the National Trust, to which they presented the house, are Admiral Sir Herbert Meade-Fetherstonhaugh and his son, Mr. Richard Meade-Fetherstonhaugh. Admiral and Lady Fetherstonhaugh have done an enormous amount in the restoration of their home, in the rearrangement of its treasures and in research into its history.

STAIRS WITH A "BELOW STAIRS" HISTORY : H. G. Wells' mother was housekeeper at Uppark in the 1880's. He gives a vivid account of life there "below stairs" in *Tono Bungay*. This is only one of the many historical associations of the house. George IV, as Prince Regent, was a frequent visitor 150 years ago—his bed is still preserved in his room. The then owner, Sir Harry Fetherstonhaugh, was a boon companion of the Prince, until he broke with him in 1813. One of Sir Harry's mistresses was Emma Hart, who trod this stairway long before she entered history as Lady Hamilton, to be linked for ever with the name of Nelson. Wellington might have become owner of Uppark. It was one of the houses suggested for him as a gift from a grateful nation after Waterloo. But the Duke did not favour it because it stands on high ground and is approached by a very steep road.

SHERIFF HUTTON IN YORKSHIRE : The rear view of this house near York is seen here. It is another historic mansion which has just been opened to the public. Sheriff Hutton was built as a hunting lodge by Sir Arthur Ingram in 1621. The house was refaced in 1732, so the exterior has a Georgian rather than a Jacobean character. It has been presented to the National Trust by the present owner, Mr. Dudley Jackson. The interior contains some interesting panelling, reputed to have come from the Castle of Sheriff Hutton, which is now a ruin. There are also some fine ceilings and exquisite furniture.

On right—
A DUTCH TAPESTRY : It is in the classic style and hangs in one of the smaller sitting-rooms. The interior of Uppark is among the least altered of the eighteenth-century country houses.

On left—
THE GREAT HALL AT SHERIFF HUTTON : At the far end is a Georgian partition. The door leads to two steps up to a dais, originally part of the room and where the gentry "above the salt" sat. The large travelling chest on the right was found in an outhouse, being used as a corn-bin.

On right—
THE GEORGIAN DRAWING-ROOM: The Madonna and Child, on left, is by Fra Angelico. It was painted on panel and brought here by a Cardinal. The carpet is Aubusson, the dower chest Italian and the arm-chairs and settee Dutch.

IN THE NEW ZEALAND ALPS—THE FRANZ JOSEF GLACIER: In the foreground stands the Alma hut, and in the distance can be seen Alma peak and the icefall. The Franz Josef Glacier is one of the most picturesque and dramatic mountains in the ranges on New Zealand's South Island. But there are other peaks there, and in North Island, which offer good sport for ski-ing enthusiasts not only in the winter months between June and October, but also during the summer at the many popular resorts.

NEW ZEALAND'S HIGHEST PEAK IS THE CENTRE OF THE MOST POPULAR SNOW SPORT AREA: This view of the 12,349-ft. Mount Cook is obtained from half-way down the Ball Pass ski run. The pass falls away very rapidly, and offers fine runs for the expert and the mere enthusiast alike.

New Zealand's Mountain Playgrounds

The Southern Alps and the Peaks of the North Island Give the Snow Sport Enthusiast Facilities for Ski-ing in Winter and Summer

A BASE FOR SKI CLIMBS IN WINTER AND SUMMER: The Malte Brun Hut at 5,700 ft. on Mount Cook. It is situated 500 ft. above the upper Tasman Glacier, and serves as a base for many ski tours and climbs. After spending a night there the higher reaches of the mountain can be climbed.

With seventeen peaks over 10,000 ft. high, in a vast mountain chain extending through the entire South Island, New Zealand has winter sports all the year round. Her mountain playgrounds are uncrowded and unspoilt; they offer vast snow-distances, easily accessible, and free from timber hazards.

In most parts the season is from June to October, but with high-altitude huts which can be used as bases, enthusiasts find ski runs even in summer. Five main ski-ing areas have good accommodation, with transport to within easy reach of the snow. Two of these are in the North Island, on Mount Egmont (8,260 ft.) and Ruapehu (9,175 ft.). Two other mountains, Ngauruhoe (7,515 ft.) and Tongariro (6,458 ft.), flank Ruapehu, and the three, together with about 150,000 acres of surrounding land, form the Tongariro National Park, the most popular and the most extensive North Island snow area. Egmont has a rope tow lift; a chair lift was installed on Ruapehu in 1954.

The three main South Island ski-ing resorts are high up in the great chain of Southern Alps which extend throughout the Island. The most popular is the Mount Cook area, where the Government operates a comfortable tourist hostel—the Hermitage—in a sheltered valley near the foot of New Zealand's highest peak, Mount Cook, 12,349 ft.

With the Hermitage as their base, skiers have access to mile upon mile of snowfields and glaciers. Guides and porters are available; equipment may be hired; and huts have been built at high altitudes, so that ski-touring is possible there in summer.

MOUNT COOK—KING OF THE SOUTHERN ALPS AND THE PRIDE OF NEW ZEALAND: An aerial view, showing the three peaks of the mountain, the farthest of them being the highest, 12,349 ft. The vast mountain chain of which the Southern Alps in New Zealand's South Island are composed contains no fewer than seventeen peaks which are over 10,000 ft. in height.

ON AN EARLY-MORNING CLIMB: Shortly after daybreak the sunlight glances off the snow, silhouetting these ski tourists as they rest on their way to Lendenfeld Saddle (8,000 ft.), in the Mount Cook area. The tourists had spent the previous night at the Malte Brun Hut.

IN THE MOUNT COOK AREA: *On right*—Mount Nazomi and the Caroline icefall are seen from Elsworthy's run. Avalanches are frequently to be seen sliding off the glacier on to the face of New Zealand's highest mountain. *Below*—A party of skiers on Elsworthy's run look across the valley to Tasman Glacier. The big rock peak in the centre is Malte Brun.

One favourite run takes snow-sportsmen twelve miles from the Hermitage to Ball Hut (altitude 3,404 ft.), on the upper reaches of the eighteen-mile-long Tasman Glacier. The next objective is the Malte Brun Hut (5,700 ft.), eight miles up the glacier, where skiers may stay the night. Next day, usually at dawn, a climb is made to the Lendenfeld Saddle (8,000 ft.) for a glorious six-mile run back to the Malte Brun Hut.

Another favourite ski-ing area is Arthur's Pass, 87 miles from Christchurch, on the main rail and road links between the west and east coasts. This region has huts and boarding-houses, and is specially popular during week-ends and holiday periods. The pass itself, at the 2,500-ft. level, winds as a narrow valley through the lofty Southern Alps. There, runs of 1,700 and 2,000 ft. are available, the latter being of true Alpine character, with, for the most part, slopes of unrelenting steepness.

Still further south, at Queenstown, good ski-ing can be had on rolling terrain in the highlands surrounding Lake Wakatipu—the Crown Range, and the slopes of Coronet Peak. The town is a noted tourist centre, with excellent accommodation and amenities. Modern buses take visitors to and from the ski-ing grounds eight miles away. Several ski-tows have been installed, and the services of an internationally-known ski instructor are available.

The mountains of New Zealand have already bred a hardy race of climbers, notably Sir Edmund Hillary. Before long, New Zealanders may provide an earnest challenge to Europeans on the ski-runs.

THE OLD BARGE-BUILDERS' WATERFRONT WHICH IS NOW FOR SALE: The rambling buildings of Messrs. W. N. Sparks and Sons at Limehouse. At the extreme right is No. 100, Narrow Street, known as Molines Wharf. Next to it is No. 98, once the tavern, The Two Brewers. The space between it and the offices and stores of Messrs. Sparks is Duke Shore, a dockyard in Elizabethan days.

OLD LIMEHOUSE WATERFRONT

One of the Last Relics of the River Scene Along Commercial Thames-side has now been Put up for Sale

By L. M. BATES

Specially Illustrated by JACK MERRIOTT, R.I.

POSSIBLY the most disturbing feature of the post-war world is the speed of change. Traditional methods, standards, customs and scenes are swiftly dissolving; and, notwithstanding the advantages of streamlined substitutes, those of us who have known the illusion of permanency cannot help feeling that our world has suddenly become unstable.

Nowhere is this feature of to-day more in evidence than along commercial Thames-side, where long stretches of the tideway banks, in many cases unchanged for a century or more, have been almost completely transformed within the short space of the post-war period. And now the rambling Limehouse waterfront of Messrs. W. N. Sparks and Sons, barge builders and repairers, almost the last of the river scene as Dickens knew it, is for sale.

If you do not know this Limehouse riverside, you are to imagine a line of tall, venerable buildings of varying ages, their lower walls washed twice daily by the tides. The centre-piece is a dark and cavernous barge-repair loft, usually lit for passing watermen by a dramatic spray of blue welding sparks. The frontages abut on Narrow Street between The Bunch of Grapes and Duke Shore Wharf—a street famous in our island story, for it re-echoes the steps of Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, William Burrough, Phineas Pett, Duncan Dunbar, Captain Cook and Jerome K. Jerome.

At the easterly end of the line of buildings belonging to the firm is No. 100, known as Molines Wharf. Its massive beams and thick walls are mute about its history, but it seems once to have been part of an Elizabethan dockyard which formerly occupied the site of the adjacent Duke Shore Wharf—a dockyard, incidentally, where, near the end of its existence, the Japanese Admiral Togo learned his trade. In the cellar is a mysterious bricked-in archway. To-day the building is occupied by rope, grapnels and other nautical stores.

The premises at No. 98 were formerly a tavern, The Two Brewers; and the old house achieved fame by featuring in a literary controversy. The prototype of Dickens's imaginary pub, The Six Jolly Fellowship Porters in *Our Mutual Friend*, was claimed by some to have been The Bunch of Grapes in Narrow Street, and by others to have been The Prospect of Whitby at Wapping. For long the argument raged in literary circles. Then, in 1935, in an issue of *The Dickensian*, Mr. George F. Young fired a broadside which demolished the claims of both taverns and substituted The Two Brewers as Dickens's inspiration.

The Port of London Authority own a water-colour drawing of The Two Brewers, and it shows a long, sagging building staggering into the river on wooden piers. The riverward portion of the premises has long since disappeared, but there remains a warren of rooms in which the Sparks family once lived and which now serves as a store and a canteen.

Between No. 98 and No. 96 is Duke Shore—an open patch of foreshore reached by a worn flight of watermen's stairs. On the river wall beside the stairs is an old wooden watch-house, dating probably from the seventeenth century. It still contains the wooden, comfortless bunk where the "Charlies" rested between their patrols and the balcony from which they could overlook the whipping-post and prisoners' cage which once existed on the foreshore.

At No. 96 is another of the firm's stores. Under a will made in 1872 by Richard Linton, a Limehouse worthy, the rents from this building were bequeathed for the maintenance of the clock and bells of St. Anne's Church near by.

THE CENTRE-PIECE OF THE WATERFRONT REPAIR YARDS: The dark and cavernous barge-repair loft of Messrs. Sparks. It is in this loft that the blue sparks from welding apparatus can be seen by watermen on Limehouse Reach.

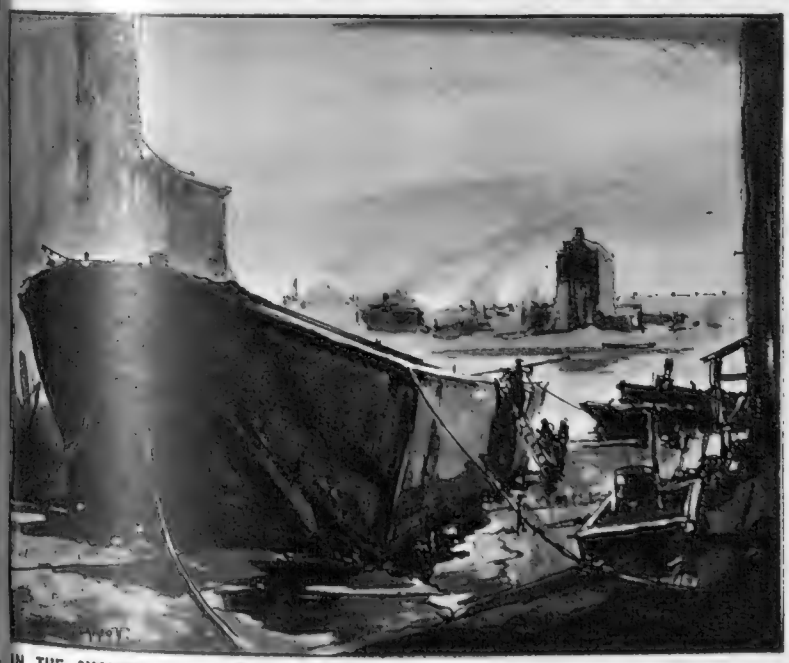
REPAIRING A BARGE BY THE SIDE OF LIMEHOUSE REACH: Workmen from the firm of Sparks are seen in the hold of a steel lighter under repair at the yards by Duke Shore. The passing traffic on the tide is a feature of this stretch of the Thames, so well known to Dickens, of which only the Sparks buildings survive.

The firm's offices are at No. 94. Local gossip maintains that the bricked-in ovens on the ground floor are relics of a sugar bakery which formerly occupied the premises. But there is circumstantial evidence that it was in No. 94 that the famous blue-and-white Limehouse chinaware began to appear in the middle of the eighteenth century. Like the other premises of Messrs. Sparks, this house is full of noble old beams and is a maze of rooms, stairways and trapdoors. Contrasting with the now-abandoned kiln where the timbers for wooden barges were once steamed into shape are modern welding plant and electric machinery.

Like No. 98, the building at No. 92 was formerly a tavern, The Watermen's Arms. The fact that two pubs could exist so close together was significant of Thames-side joys of other days. But there is no hint of riotous sailortown nights in the quietude of what is now the firm's timber store.

The last one of Sparks's buildings at the western end, No. 90, is indisputably the oldest. I doubt if it was once the home and workshop of an Elizabethan mast-and-spar-maker, as local gossip claims, but one of the firm's employees did in fact find a spade guinea and a doubloon there. The firm certainly owns an old mast-and-spar

AT WORK IN SPARKS'S REPAIR YARDS: A steel lighter is seen on the hard for repairs at Duke Shore. Next to this yard is one of the stores, No. 96 Narrow Street. In an eighty-year-old will the rents from this building were bequeathed to St. Anne's Church, Limehouse, for the maintenance of the clock and the bells. The building is full of old beams



IN THE SHADOW OF THE OLD WATCHMEN'S HUT: A modern steel lighter is berthed for repair at Duke Shore. Near by is the old wooden watch-house, where the seventeenth-century law officers rested between their patrols.

THE ANCIENT TIMBERS WHICH SUPPORT THE OLD BUILDINGS: This impression of the Limehouse foreshore at low tide shows the massive old timbers which support the Sparks buildings. On the crane of the storehouse supplies of timber are being taken in.

raft on the foreshore, the timbers of which are very old and might well date from that period.

This building, in its rooms, landings, stairways and ladders, is the most intriguing of all Sparks's premises. On the first floor is a plain but very old fireplace, with an arm for a spit, which was once bricked-over and has only recently been rediscovered. In No. 90, the firm's carpenters and shipwrights make masts, spars, hitchers, sculls, paddles, oars, etc. They work with up-to-date equipment, but lying where they were discarded when supplanted by modern tools are the implements of older generations, including a wooden treadle lathe.

The ages of the buildings which Messrs. Sparks occupy could be determined only by an expert, but the family hold a document relating to the lease of No. 94 dated 1770 and made impressive by an enormous seal. Another deed in their possession was made out in the reign of Elizabeth I.

The Sparks family were once Bristol wheelwrights and first came to the Thames five generations ago. After working at Millwall and Ratcliff, they settled in their present headquarters in 1883. They gave up building barges in 1925, and since then have carried on as barge repairers and surveyors. Despite their decision to dispose of their premises, the accumulated lore of five generations will not be lost to the Thames, for the firm will continue as marine surveyors from another address.

It is too much to expect that this rambling old waterfront will be left intact; the modern tideway cannot afford to permit the picturesque to stand in the way of progress. But whatever streamlined industry supplants the old barge establishment, whatever new trade it attracts to the Port of London, some of us think the Thames will be the poorer.

NEW SHAPES IN AMERICAN SKIES

RECENT AVIATION DEVELOPMENTS IN THE U.S.A.

ALOFT—WITH NO VISIBLE MEANS OF SUPPORT: This strange flying machine from America remains airborne without the help of wings, rotors or jet engines. Called a ducted fan, the aircraft has been built by Hiller Helicopters for the Navy.

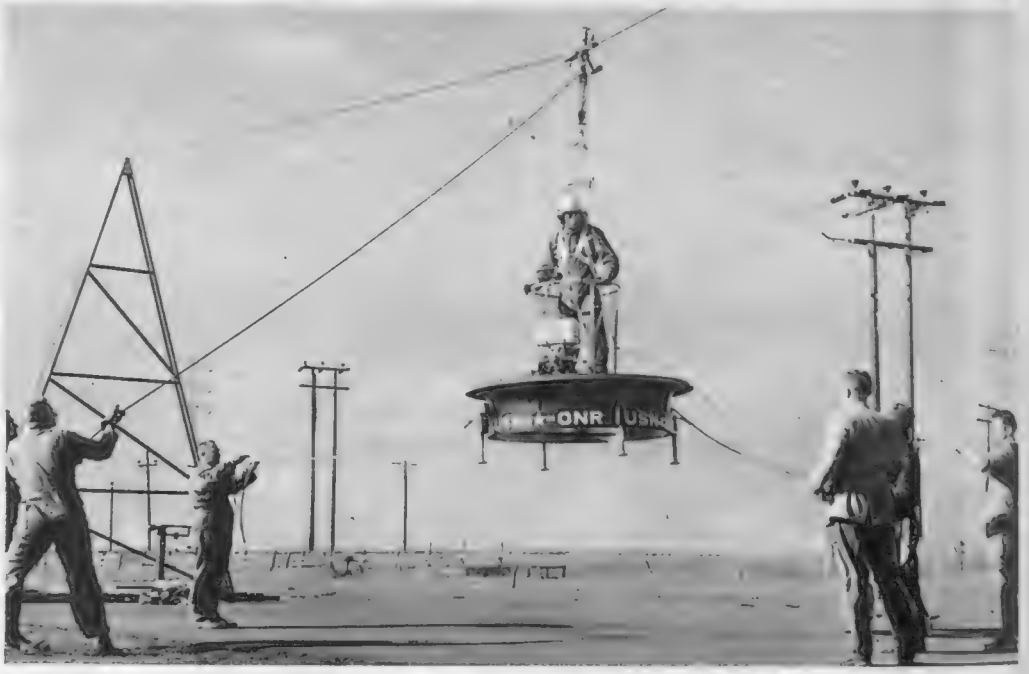
The Hiller Ducted Fan, like the Rolls-Royce "Flying Bedstead," is kept in the air by a downwards-facing jet stream. But there the similarity ends. The Rolls-Royce machine is primarily a test rig for engine research, but the ducted fan is being used as a true aircraft: that is, transport from one place to another through the air.

The two contra-rotating propellers, which are the main functioning parts of the Hiller machine, are driven by separate engines which together develop less than 100 h.p. The lift is gained from the jet stream caused by the propellers and, to a smaller extent, from the curved lip of the body. When the fans are working, this lip creates an area of low pressure above the machine. The centre rotating propellers act rather like a gyroscope and impart a marked degree of stability to the machine. To fly in any direction, all the pilot has to do is to shift his weight slightly towards the direction he wishes to fly. The almost imperceptible movement is exactly the same as that of a cyclist who steers his bicycle when riding "hands off." The shift of weight by the pilot tilts the machine slightly and some of the thrust is then directed in the opposite direction. The test pilot, P. A. Johnston, reported that the aircraft was so simple to fly that he would trust his children with it. So far flights have been kept to a maximum of 8 ft., although the machine will function at greater heights. This ducted fan is the first to achieve free flight and to carry a passenger.

Because the Hiller Ducted Fan is comparatively simple to build and fly and is also cheaper to run than a helicopter, it may well prove to be the forerunner of a form of personal transport for the private individual. It is in this role that the Navy intend to use it if tests prove successful. One great snag which has yet to be overcome is that of engine failure. At the moment, if either of the engines fail while airborne the machine would plummet to earth.

A NEW JET TRAINER FOR AMERICAN NAVAL PILOTS: The Lockheed T2V-1 trainer (nearer the camera) has a compressed-air device in its wing which effectively cuts down its landing speed. The Shooting Star aircraft, flying alongside, is the one at present used for training.

The boundary layer control system which is used to slow the landing-speed of the Lockheed jet trainer may well have a beneficial effect on aviation throughout the world. The boundary layer, the thin film of air which sticks to an aircraft's flying surfaces no matter at what speed it flies, has been a constant source of headaches to designers ever since they found that it existed. The Lockheed system of making this layer behave as is wanted under some circumstances is a considerable achievement. When the T2V-1 comes in to land, compressed air, bled from the jet engine, is blown over the flaps to increase their lift and thus lower the landing speed. In a normal aircraft, lowering the flaps causes turbulence which detracts from the efficiency of the flaps. The landing speed has been cut down from 115 m.p.h. to 97 m.p.h. by the control system.



THE PRE-FLIGHT TESTS OF THE HILLER DUCTED FAN: To ensure that the aircraft would fly as planned, preliminary tests were made with the help of the apparatus shown in this picture.

THE AVITRUC ENTERS SERVICE: This Fairchild C-123B, the first of 150 aircraft which are to be delivered to the U.S.A.F., is designed as a troop or cargo transport and can operate from unprepared landing-fields. It will carry sixty-one armed troops or fifty stretcher-cases and can also be used by paratroopers. The upswept rear part of the fuselage houses a large loading door. Powered by two 2,300 h.p. Pratt and Whitney engines, the Avitruc has a cruising speed of 205 m.p.h.

THE ONLY LANDING-STRIP SMALLER THAN THE AIRCRAFT: A United States Coast Guard helicopter is seen coming in to land on a portable landing-strip which is claimed to be the smallest in the world. Because the Coast Guard helicopters spend much of their time operating from water, they are equipped with floats. These, however, make the aircraft difficult to handle when landing away from base, where trolleys are not available. The landing platform seen here weighs 66 lb. and is carried strapped to the helicopter. When coming in to land the aircraft hovers just above the ground while crew members hop out and assemble the "heliport," which has small castors attached, in less than a minute.

90,000,000 GALLONS PER DAY: The Metropolitan Water Board is constructing this filtration and pumping station at Ashford Common, Middlesex. It will be capable of supplying the locality and London with a daily output of 90,000,000 gallons of filtered water.

MORE WATER FOR LONDON

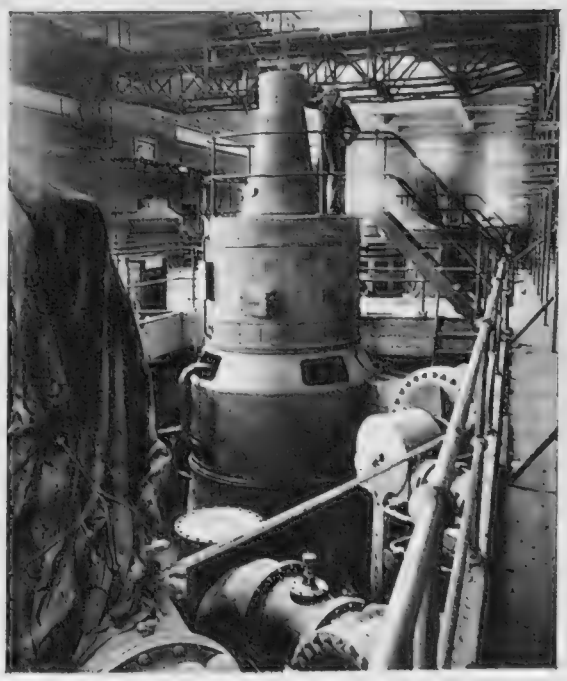
The Gigantic Water Works Under Construction at Ashford Common, in Middlesex, will Pump Direct to the Metropolis

The Metropolitan Water Board has planned its new plant at Ashford Common to meet existing and anticipated demands. It is a vast enterprise, which will have a maximum reliable output per day of 90,000,000 gallons of filtered water. Water for the works will normally be obtained by gravity from the near-by Queen Mary Reservoir, but provision has been made for pumping it out when necessary. Thirty-two slow sand filters and a battery of twenty-four rotary strainers are to make up the purification works. There will also be two large aeration basins in which water will be cascaded if it is necessary to increase its oxygen content. Pumping machinery will comprise stored and filtered water units, power being supplied by electricity, with Diesel and combustion alternators for load relief and reserve. The water will be pumped to London from the works through two large mains, and a smaller one will serve the local area.

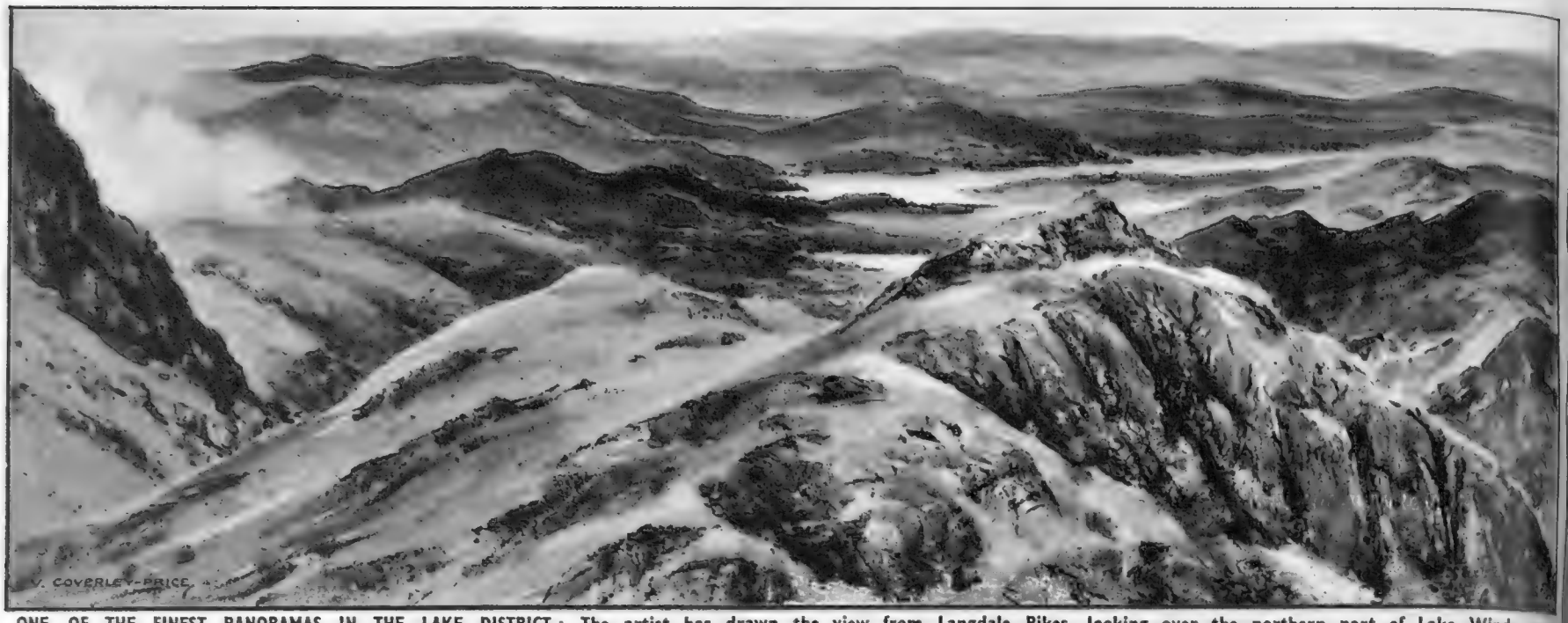
AN 8-FT. WATER MAIN: This vast pipe is the inlet main which brings the water to the Ashford Common works from the Queen Mary storage reservoir. It is being buried 20 ft. deep and forms the main suction pipe to the pumps. The purification works comprise thirty-two slow sand filters and a battery of twenty-four rotary strainers.

THE MAIN PUMP ROOM: These are Vickers-Armstrong inclined spindle variable speed low-head pumps. The pumping machinery at Ashford Common will be driven by electricity, with diesel and combustion turbine alternators for load relief and use in emergency.

On right—
DIRECT SUPPLY TO LONDON: A Harland vertical pumping unit is being erected in the main head pump room. Units of this type will be able to pump the filtered water direct to the Metropolis. Two large mains are being built to carry it.



THE FILTER BEDS: The sand in the foreground has been skimmed off the surface of the filter beds behind them for cleaning. The sand-hauling bridge in the background removes this sand to vehicles for cartage to the cleaning plant.



ONE OF THE FINEST PANORAMAS IN THE LAKE DISTRICT: The artist has drawn the view from Langdale Pikes, looking over the northern part of Lake Windermere. His perspective is from the Pike o' Stickle. Ambleside, one of the most ancient towns in Westmorland, lies beyond the dark promontory at the head of Lake Windermere, in the centre of the drawing. On the extreme left is Harrison Stickle. Behind it, in the valley running north from the lake and here partly hidden by cloud, are Grasmere and Rydal Water. Dove Cottage, where Wordsworth lived for nine years with his sister Dorothy, is close by. It is now a Wordsworth museum.

THE GLORIES OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT

It is only Small in Area, but Each Lake and Mountain has its Own Personality, with Moods which Change with the Seasons, with the Variations of the Weather, and Even with the Passing Hours

Written and Illustrated by VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

The recent publication of a book about the people who first appreciated the English lakes has brought to many a renewed interest in the district. Mr. Norman Nicholson's book, "The Lakers" (Robert Hale. 18s.), was reviewed in THE SPHERE *of January 22, and it is felt that readers whose interest has been stimulated will welcome this article and the sketches accompanying it.*

IF you have been to the Lake District—which might appropriately be called the Lake and Mountain District—you certainly have some pleasant memories, even if the weather was unkind. If you are still hoping to go there, watch for an opportunity when you can explore at leisure, though you may not have time to see more than one or two of the lakes. The whole area, extending through Cumberland, Westmorland and a small part of Lancashire, is only about thirty miles from north to south, and less than that from west to east, but it is a mistake to try to cover it all in a hurry.

Each lake and each mountain has its own personality, with moods that change with the seasons, with the variations in the weather, and even with the passing hours. Full enjoyment comes when there is time, not only to walk the fells, but to contemplate in tranquillity. When some little track has led you right away from the road, high up to a grassy mound among the rocks, where you can stretch your eyes to the blue distance, you will begin to feel the enchantment of this endlessly varied region, and it is certain that you will resolve to come again. Perhaps, through a gap between the hills, you may catch a glimpse of a shimmering stretch of water and you will spread out your map to determine which of the lakes this can be.

Roughly speaking, they radiate from a centre like the spokes of a wheel and, if you have a compass, it is not difficult to identify the salient points of the landscape. Up there on the fells, away from the roar of traffic, you may hear a curlew calling, or you may detect the faint hiss of the wind in the tufted grass as the mood of the day is changing. Perhaps, on your way down through a winding valley, you may come across a tent and some young people beside a stream. Then, a mile or two below, you may see the glint of a white-washed farmhouse, with its promise of a hearty Lakeland tea. Afterwards, as you walk on through the woods bordering a peaceful, sleepy lake, perhaps you will discuss with your companion the possibility of making your holiday a little longer.

Many volumes have been written about the lakes, and it is useful to have read two or three of them. A good map and an up-to-date guide-book, describing the by-ways and short cuts, are essential for a holiday in the district. But your acquaintance with the lakes should be a personal matter, allowed to ripen into friendship without external advice. Follow the routes that attract you and do the things that you feel inspired to do. So much depends on the individual's tastes and interests, on his preference for sailing or walking or climbing, and, inevitably, on the state of the weather, that it would be idle to claim precedence for any particular area. Wonderful days can be spent almost anywhere in the district, and the only recommendation I would make is that one should choose a time of year, preferably in the spring or autumn, when fine weather may be expected.

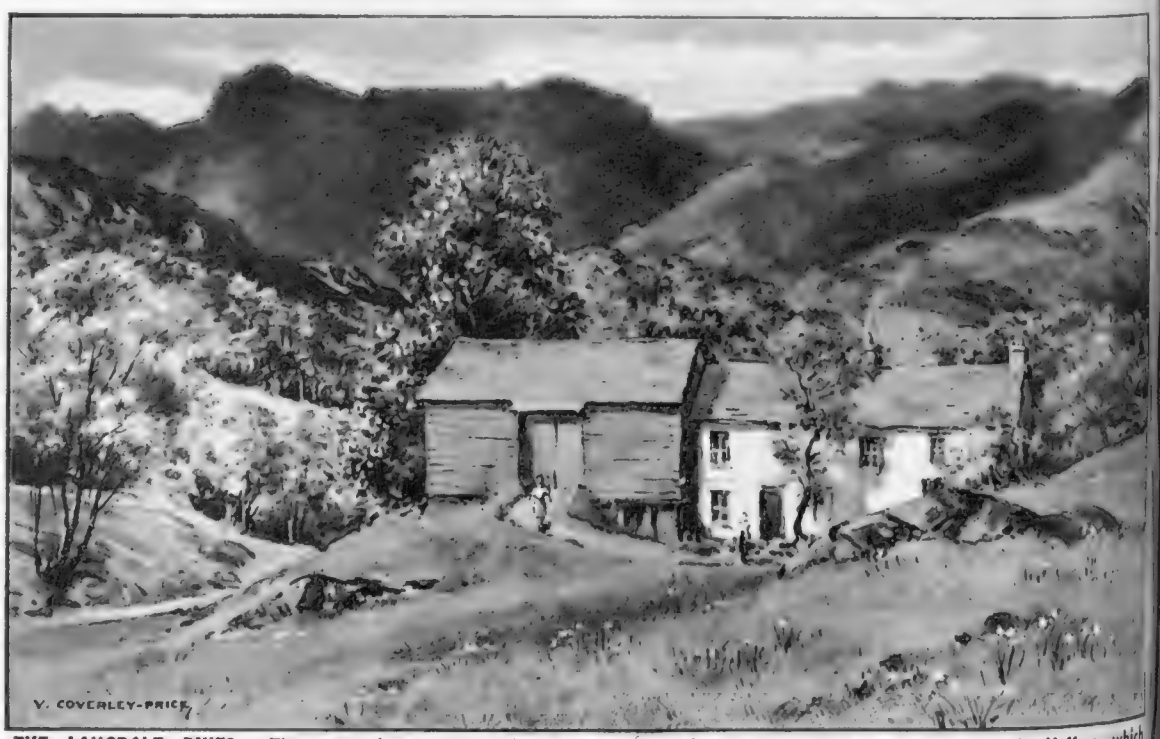
Though it may seem hardly justifiable to describe the region as mountainous, the hills are among the highest in England and there are some good crags to climb. For my wife and myself, as for other keen walkers, the Lake District is primarily a walkers' paradise. The lakes are mirrors reflecting the hills we love. This combination makes an ideal setting for the artist, particularly for the water-colourist who seeks to interpret the changing moods of nature.

I have been fortunate in having had opportunities to sketch in some of the other famous lake districts of the world, and I believe that, while each has its peculiar characteristics and charm, none has a greater range of atmospheric effects or a wider variety of landscape than the English Lake District. The Italian lakes, with their grandiose setting, have often been depicted in the ethereal blue of the mirage. The summer sun, spreading a dancing haze over the shimmering water, can produce equally beautiful effects on our own lakes. Canadian lakes, lying dark and still among the tall pines and fir trees, can reflect every detail of their surroundings and echo the call of every bird. Such clarity, in the still air of an autumn evening, is not uncommon on the lakes of Westmorland.

The Fuji Lakes of Japan derive much of their beauty from the ever-changing effects of mist—effects that are characteristic of the work of many Japanese painters. My own sketches made there, though I did not attempt to imitate the Japanese style, show islands and mountains floating in a sea of mist. But in our own Lake District I have seen similar effects, and there are often days when one might exclaim: "How like a Japanese print!"

Windermere and Ullswater, the largest of the lakes, are the best known, for they are easily reached from Kendal and Penrith, though the Kirkstone pass between them may sometimes daunt inexperienced drivers. From places along their shores most of the other lakes can be visited in a day's drive, and they are surrounded by lovely fells within easy walking distance. But, for an unsophisticated holiday, a room in an isolated farmhouse somewhere in the heart of the district is not to be despised. Sturdy walkers who like to ramble all day can travel over the high ground for hours on end and there are plenty of climbs where the mountaineer can train. Members of the Alpine Club, which includes many with outstanding performances in the Alps, the Himalayas and the Andes, have sometimes made their headquarters in Langdale, and many other climbers have acquired their first love for mountains in this favoured corner of England.

At Eskdale, not far south of Wastwater, which is the deepest lake of them all, the Mountain School of the Outward Bound Trust has its headquarters. Only a few miles away is Scafell Pike, the highest summit in England, and the surroundings form a magnificent training ground for the boys, drawn from many different spheres of life, who attend the courses at the school. No better region in all England could have been chosen



THE LANGDALE PIKES: The rugged contours of these hills dominate the scene in the Langdale Valley, which is the starting-point for many walks and climbs. Here, behind the road (seen on the left) from Skelwith Bridge to Coniston, they lie above a lakeland farm, at the back of which a chestnut tree is in blossom. The altitude of the Langdale Pikes is less than 2,500 ft., but they give an impression of much greater substance and are one of the many features which bring a compelling enchantment to the Lake District.

A FISHERMAN AT SKELWITH BRIDGE: It carries the road from Ambleside to Coniston over the Brathay River, which flows here after tumbling through the rocky gorge from Elterwater. There is a hotel near by where visitors can stay in these beautiful surroundings of woods and mountains. It is an excellent centre for an artist with a bicycle. The Lake District is ideal for all those who wish to contemplate in tranquillity.

for the "character-training through adventure" at which the school aims. Yet the ordinary walker can easily reach the commanding heights, such as Scafell, Helvellyn, Skiddaw, Great Gable, the Langdale Pikes and High Street without risking his neck. There is, however, a possibility that careless walkers may lose their way in mist or darkness, and it is foolish to tramp the fells without suitable footwear and clothing. Too often the press gives evidence of the need for these precautions.

It is my own experience that a lot of healthy exercise and pleasure can be got with a bicycle and a sketching satchel, and I once explored a wide area around Lake Windermere and Coniston Water in this way. Some of the most attractive subjects are to be found on the rolling uplands among the grey, ancient rocks, where the wind combs the tussocks and the snow lies in winter, and beside the little blue tarns that reflect the great white clouds as they come riding in from the sea. It is pleasant and peaceful, on a warm sunny day, to lie on one's back in the grass and to watch a pair of buzzards circling slowly against the sky.

But I remember a day on High Street, when my wife and I followed the route of the old Roman road and the rain came down in icy torrents. A few sheep were taking shelter on the lee side of a long, crumbling wall and for a time we tried to do the same, but fallen stones and frequent patches of mud trampled by the sheep continually forced us into the open, until at last we decided that there was nothing for it but to march boldly through the wind and rain by the shortest route to our destination. Yet I have happy memories of that region, for it was a perfect day when, in the course of another long walk, I sketched the placid mirror of Angle Tarn and the ruins of Shap Abbey beyond Hawes Water.

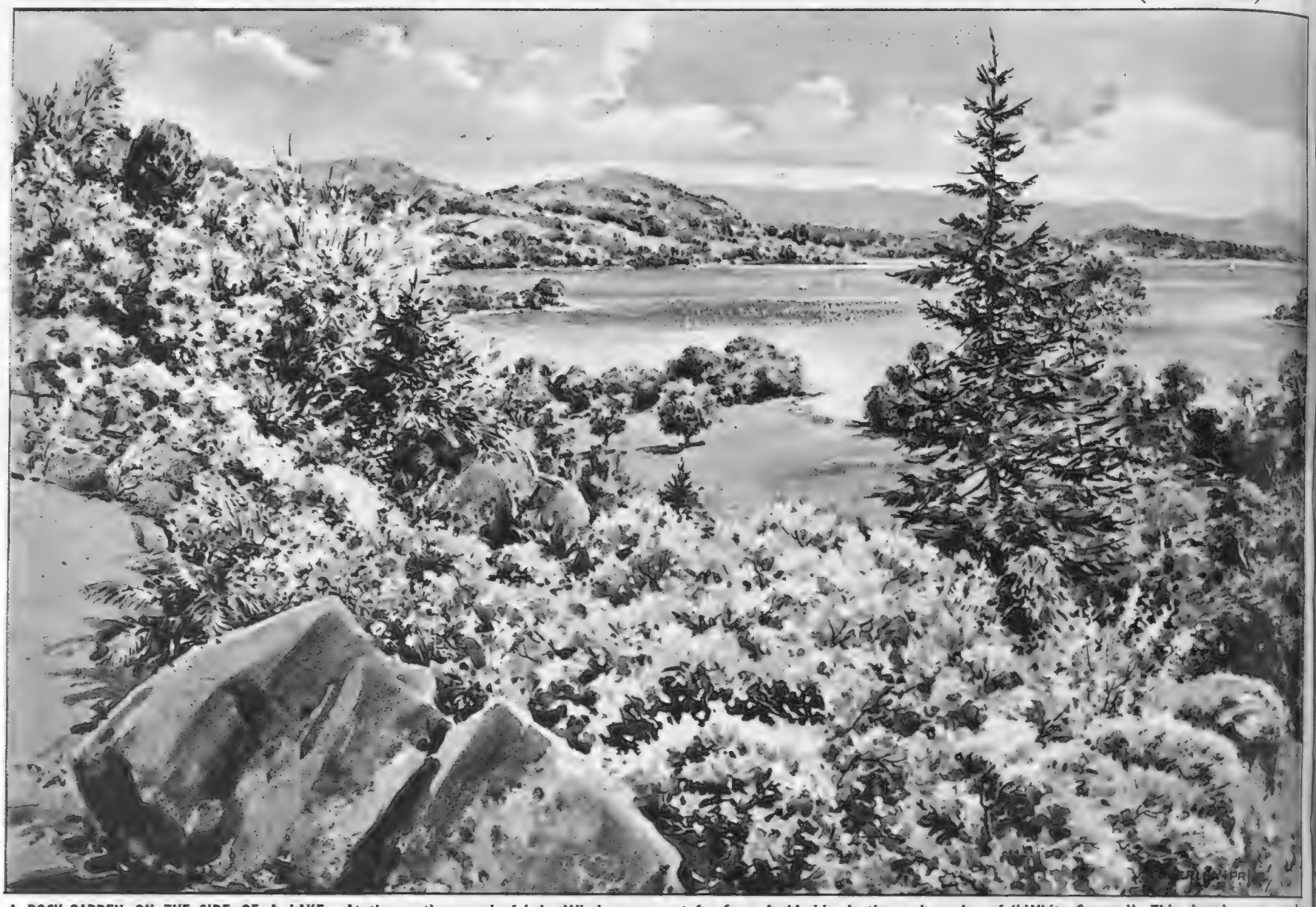
I have almost reached the limit of my space without once referring to the literary associations of the Lake District: not even William Wordsworth, "The Poet of the Lakes," has been mentioned. You will be aware of him—and of others who have been inspired by the lakes—when you are there. But, as spring is on the way, I will conclude with a fragment of Dorothy Wordsworth's description of a walk by the side of Ullswater.

> "I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about and about them; some rested their heads upon these stones as on a pillow for weariness; and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, that blew upon them over the lake: they looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing."

THE ONLY ABBEY IN WESTMORLAND: The ruins of twelfth-century Shap Abbey are in the Lowther Valley.

"THE LAKES ARE MIRRORS REFLECTING THE HILLS WE LOVE": Throughout the Lake District there are many little lakes scattered high up among the hills. Sometimes, in bad weather, they seem bleak and lonely, but when the sun shines they become mirrors reflecting the blue sky. Such a tranquil scene as this helps the tired mind to relax. In his article the artist notes: "It was a perfect day when, in the course of another long walk, I sketched the placid mirror of Angle Tarn."

The Glories of the English Lake District *(Continued)*

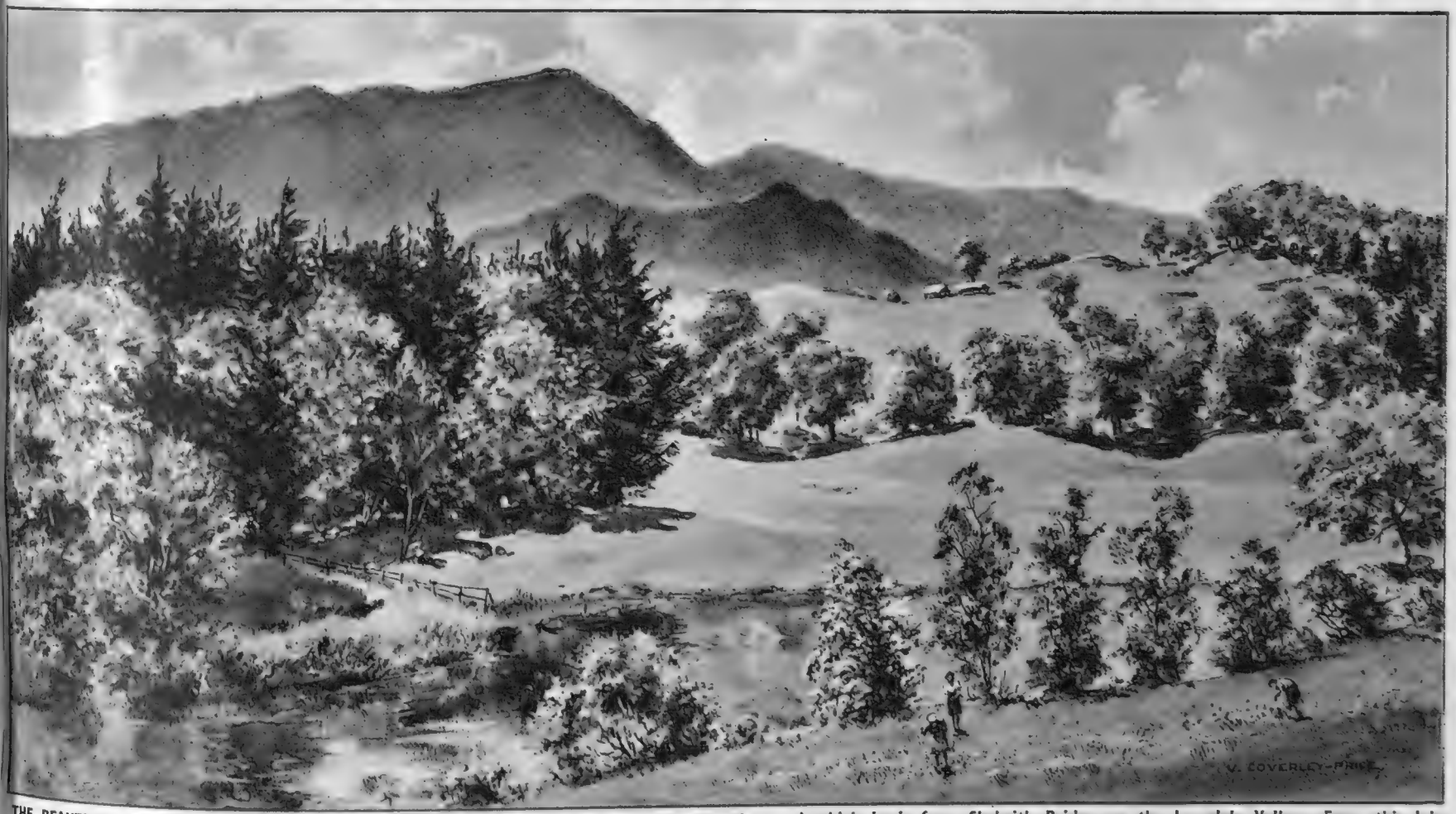


A ROCK-GARDEN ON THE SIDE OF A LAKE: At the northern end of Lake Windermere, not far from Ambleside, is the rock-garden of "White Craggs." This drawing was made from one of the terraces, at a time when the azaleas were in full bloom. The whole scene, with the blue water of the lake shimmering in brilliant sunshine, presents a dazzling riot of colour. "White Craggs" is open to the public at certain times. Windermere, the largest of the lakes, is eleven miles in length.

THE HIGHEST GROUND IN ENGLAND: On the path from Eskdale to Wasdale, at a point only two miles from Scafell Pike (3,310 ft.), England's highest mountain. Across the valley, on the left, rises Kirk Fell. Right centre is Great Gable, and right is The Nape. These are crags well known to climbers. The little river in the valley is Lingmell Beck. Beyond it, in the centre, lies Burnthwaite Farm, another familiar landmark to climbers. Kirk Fell dominates Wastwater, the deepest of the lakes.

THE VAST SOLITUDE OF THE LAKE DISTRICT UNDER RAIN AND STORM CLOUDS: The artist shows the road from Pooley Bridge to Hawes Water during a downpour of icy torrents. Looking here across the Eden Valley, Cross Fell (2,930 ft.) is the most prominent feature, in the left centre of the background. To its right lie Milburn Forest, Knock Fell and Dufton Fell. Penrith is only a few miles away. Hawes Water is a reservoir for Manchester, but its natural attractions have been preserved.

TWO LAKELAND SCENES WHICH INSPIRED THE POETRY OF WORDSWORTH: *On left*—Through this peaceful scene, between Rydal Water and Grasmere, the poet must often have walked when he was living near here at the time of his marriage. It is by the road from Windermere to Keswick. *On right*—The River Duddon, in the heart of the Lake District, was the subject of no fewer than thirty-four sonnets by Wordsworth. There are many stone bridges of this kind in the valley of this river.



THE BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS OF ONE OF THE SMALLER LAKES: Elterwater is close to the road which leads from Skelwith Bridge up the Langdale Valley. From this lake the view extends across to Wetherlam (2,502 ft.), in the left background, which is one of the Coniston group of mountains. There are few more rewarding walks in the Lake District than a climb to the summit of Wetherlam. This mountain is also a prominent landmark in the panorama from Lake Windermere.

The Oliviers at Stratford

Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh Appear in Sir John Gielgud's Production of "Twelfth Night"

IN JOHN GIELGUD'S PRODUCTION: Three of the leading players in the production of *Twelfth Night* which opened the season at the Stratford Memorial Theatre last week. From left are Sir Andrew Aguecheek (Michael Denison), Maria (Angela Baddeley), and Feste (Edward Atienza). The production marks the appearance, for the first time, of Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh in a Stratford season. The settings and costumes are by Malcolm Pride, and the music has been composed by Leslie Bridgewater. *Twelfth Night* has not been played at Stratford for eight years.

THE STRATFORD SEASON OPENS: Seen in *Twelfth Night* are, from left, Feste, Malvolio (Laurence Olivier), Olivia (Maxine Audley), Maria (Angela Baddeley), and a Lady-in-Waiting (Dylis Hamlett). Also in the cast are Alan Webb and William Devlin.

VIVIEN LEIGH APPEARS IN "TWELFTH NIGHT" FOR THE FIRST TIME: Playing the part of Viola, she is seen with Keith Michell as Orsino. Other plays to be presented at Stratford this season are *All's Well That Ends Well*, *Macbeth* (with the Oliviers as Macbeth and Lady Macbeth), *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Titus Andronicus*.

THE OLIVIERS TOGETHER: Vivien Leigh and her husband, Sir Laurence, as Viola and Malvolio, in the Ring scene. Sir John Gielgud, who produces *Twelfth Night*, will shortly be heading a tour of the Continent.

Sir Winston on Holiday

After Relinquishing the Premiership He Goes for a Holiday in Sicily

A few days after tendering his resignation as Prime Minister to the Queen, Sir Winston Churchill left London for a short holiday at Syracuse, in Sicily. Together with Lady Churchill he travelled from London Airport to Catania in a B.E.A. Viscount aircraft which flew the standard of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. Among those who accompanied him was Lord Cherwell. At the airport Sir Winston and Lady Churchill were given a warm welcome, and again at Catania, where they were greeted by the Prefect and Mayor of Syracuse. The party then drove nearly fifty miles through the Sicilian countryside to the Villa Politi Hotel. At many places en route photographers waited for an appearance of Sir Winston, while outside the grounds of the Villa Politi a group of cameramen focused their cameras on the hotel. It was pointed out by Sir Winston's private secretary that he wanted to paint and rest, and that he also intended to revise his unpublished book on the history of the English-speaking people.

SIR WINSTON AND LADY CHURCHILL ARRIVE IN SICILY FOR A SHORT HOLIDAY: They are being greeted by local officials on arrival at the Villa Politi Hotel at Syracuse after their journey from London. Sir Winston and Lady Churchill had flown in a B.E.A. Viscount to Catania and journeyed on from there by car. *On left*—Members of the Press are seen outside the hotel awaiting an appearance of Sir Winston.

A DRINK ON THE TERRACE: Lady Churchill is with Mr. Henry Luce (centre), publisher of *Time* and *Life*, in the grounds of the hotel. Mr. Luce is reported to have bought serial rights in Sir Winston's forthcoming book of history.

BRITAIN'S FORMER PRIME MINISTER RELAXES AT SYRACUSE: In Sicily it was stated that Sir Winston wanted "to paint and rest." In the picture *on the right*, Lady Churchill carries her left arm in a sling after an attack of neuritis. On his arrival Sir Winston was stated to be "rather tired," but as these pictures show he soon seems to have recovered his accustomed energy. In the forthcoming General Election on May 26, Sir Winston has every intention to seek re-election for Woodford.

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

A SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

A NORWEGIAN TANKER IS LAUNCHED IN SCOTLAND: The tanker *Hermes*, of 16,400 tons deadweight, is seen soon after her launching at the Scotstoun, Glasgow, yard of her builders, the Blythswood Shipbuilding Company. Built for Bruusgaard Kiosterud and Company, the tanker was launched by Mrs. Knudtzon, the daughter of the owner of the Norwegian line. The *Hermes* is one of several tankers now being built for Norway.

AN ANTI-SUBMARINE FRIGATE IS LAUNCHED BY A NAMESAKE The "Whitby"-class A-S frigate, H.M.S. *Scarborough* goes down the slipway after being launched by th 11th Countess of Scarbrough. Built by Vicker Armstrong at Walker-on-Tyne, H.M.S. *Scarborough* is one of the best-equipped vessels of her clas

ONE OF LONDON'S BEST-KNOWN LANDMARKS IS TEMPORARILY ENSHROUDED BY SCAFFOLDING: The famous tower and clock-face of Big Ben is lost to view in an intricate web of steel tubes as repair work begins. The main task is the repair of bomb damage to the balustrade at the top, but other parts of the tower and the clock-face itself will also receive attention. This renovation and repair coincides with the general repair work now being carried out on the Houses of Parliament. The scaffolding is expected to remain round the tower for some eighteen months.

FLAME-THROWER PRACTICE ON A NINETEENTH-CENTURY SCOTTISH CASTLE Soldiers of the 300 Parachute Squadron, Royal Engineers, Territorial Army, are seen directing jets of flaming petrol into Dreghorn Castle, near Edinburgh. *Below*—The gutted ruin which was a castle blazes away after the flame-throwers had done their work. The 120-room castle was badly affected by dry-rot and had to be pulled down. As it was owned by the War Office it was decided to give the Territorial Army some practice. The flame-throwers destroyed most of the castle, and the remains will be blown up later.

A TRACTOR ON A PIECE OF STRING : Mr. E. A. Cory on his farm at Compton Abdale, Gloucestershire, inspecting the apparatus with which he is able to control his tractor, which can be seen in the background. The tractor's steering mechanism has a long rod attached to it, and this in turn is attached to a length of cord wound round the square "reel" seen in this picture. The tractor, which needs no driver, begins ploughing, or whatever other task it has to perform, from the centre of the field, and the pull on the cord steers it in ever wider circles. The length of cord is adjusted to the size of the field so that when the tractor reaches the outer edges it begins to return. By this method the tractor can be used at night and farmhands are spared for other work.

THE TRACTOR WHICH WORKS BY ITSELF : Mr. Cory's tractor steers itself round a field of winter corn in the Cotswolds. The long steering arm to which the control cord is attached juts out at an angle in front.

THE WEED-KILLER SPECIAL : This train, which will be new to railway spotters in the Eastern Region, is used by British Railways for killing the weeds which inevitably spring up along railway tracks. Designed and equipped by the Chipman Chemical Company Ltd. to the requirements of British Railways, Eastern Region, the train is fitted with six tank wagons, having a total capacity of 15,000 gallons of weedkiller. A special spraying van is also attached to the train. Messing and sleeping accommodation are provided for a crew of four, and a radio and refrigerator are included in the domestic equipment. 100 miles of track can be sprayed in one day at a speed of 20 miles per hour. Between April and June some 3,000 miles of track are to be sprayed.

A NEW FIRE-FIGHTING TENDER FOR THE ARMY : The Bedford self-propelled limousine type appliance is inspected during a demonstration on Horse Guards Parade, London. This tender is equipped with a rear-mounted pump which can deliver 900 gallons of water a minute, and with a 35-ft. light alloy ladder. Another important item in the equipment is a Coventry Climax featherweight pump, carried in a side locker. This has an output of 300 g.p.m. and can be carried by two men or can be fitted with two detachable wheels.

THE BRITANNIA AIRLINER RETURNS FROM THE TROPICS : The first production Bristol Britannia comes in to land at Filton Airfield after five-weeks strenuous testing in Khartoum and Johannesburg. These trials were part of a 2,000-hour pre-operational testing programme. An analysis of tests made in warm climates has shown that estimations of the aircraft's performance under these conditions have been confirmed. This version of the Britannia has been ordered by B.O.A.C. as the standard aircraft for the Commonwealth routes. It will carry ninety-two passengers.

A SALVAGE EFFORT OFF THE NORFOLK COAST: The French trawler *St. Pierre Eglise* is seen near Waxham, Norfolk, where two Dutch salvage vessels are attempting to refloat her. The trawler ran aground during a storm last February and her crew had to be rescued by breeches-buoy. Attempts to refloat her at the time met with no success and she remained on her side for two months. Now the Dutch vessels are making constant efforts with every high tide. Already the trawler has been raised 45 degrees.

The Sphere of Travel

SWITZERLAND'S LITTLE-KNOWN CORNER

In North-Eastern Switzerland there are many Places to Delight those who Like to Get Off the Beaten Tourist Track

By GORDON COOPER

NO people excel the Swiss in the development of the beaten tourist track, and their commercial organisations and our travel agents have, as a result, canalised holiday traffic to certain popular districts. As there is an increasing tendency, however, for travellers to seek fresh pastures, I feel fully justified in drawing attention to one of Switzerland's tourist "Cinderellas," namely, North-Eastern Switzerland. I feel, too, that this "unknown quarter" of the country will appeal to those who, like myself, prefer to escape sometimes, when abroad, from lands of traditional postcard views.

St. Gall is the most important city in North-Eastern Switzerland, and it is an excellent base from which to explore the surrounding countryside. In addition, it is a most delightful place in which to stay. It takes its name from St. Gallus, a missionary who came from Ireland in 614. His shrine, in the wild valley of the Steinach, became the nucleus of a Benedictine monastery founded in 720, whose monks were famous for their erudition, and the claim is made that it is the first of all European monasteries.

The Abbey library of the former Benedictine monastery certainly deserves a visit, for it is one of the most beautiful in Europe, ranking in artistic appeal with those at Coimbra University, Melk and Oxford. It also possesses many treasures, including a seventh-century Latin-German vocabulary, said to be St. Gallus's own, and the oldest vocabulary of its kind in existence. A somewhat unusual exhibit is a mummy with shrivelled black skin, in life an Egyptian princess. This curiosity was a gift from Napoleon, at the time of the formation of the canton, to the chief magistrate. The library, which adjoins the cathedral, is considered one of the finest examples of late baroque in Europe.

With your own car, or by using a Regional Season Ticket, many fascinating excursions can be made. An outstanding one is to the Säntis, a great mountain (8,145 ft.) which commands from its summit, reached by aerial railway—a thrilling trip in itself—a magnificent view of the Alpine peaks. It is also famous among geologists for the wonderful folds in its limestone ranges. There is hotel accommodation near the summit, and enthusiasts for outstanding sunrises will be well rewarded (in clear weather) by staying there overnight and making a very early rise.

East of St. Gall, and not far from the city, is the famous Pestalozzi village, where orphans from many countries are cared for. Further on, in an attractive hilly countryside, are several pleasant resorts, including Heiden and Walzenhausen. Then, to the north, there is the Bodensee (Lake Constance), but for a stay I think its western arm, the Untersee, is most suitable. Here are some charming spots, as well as some excellent hotels.

My first choice would be the Hotel Glarisegg, near Steckborn. It lies by the water's edge, is suitable for the family, and offers one of the best cuisines in Switzerland. Two other very pleasing hotels, both housed in ancient buildings, are the Adler, at Ermatingen, and the Drachenburg, at Gottlieben ("Dear to God"). Not far from the former lakeside village is Arenenberg Castle, once the home of Queen Hortense of the Netherlands and her son, Prince Napoleon, who later became Emperor Napoleon III. Empress Eugenie, who lived there after the fall of the Empire, presented it to the local canton. It is now a very interesting Napoleon Museum.

Further west, on the Upper Rhine, is Stein-am-Rhein, perhaps the loveliest medieval town in Switzerland. Little seems to have changed from the Middle Ages. There are quaint painted façades, projecting balconies and fine examples of wood carving still adorning the house-fronts. Overlooking the river is the ancient Hotel Rheinfels, famous for its fish dishes and a delectable place in which to lodge for a day or two.

Twelve miles or so downstream from Stein-am-Rhein is Schaffhausen, another remarkable town, with several fine painted façades on its old houses illustrating classical themes. As for the baroque houses, they form an ensemble unsurpassed in Switzerland. The local museum, too, is exceptionally interesting. Then, within easy reach, are the famous Rhine Falls, where the river tumbles down some 80 ft. in three giant leaps into the basin below, where it boils and seethes furiously.

I now turn south of St. Gall to the Toggenburg Valley and the near-by Walensee. Here are some delightful resorts, set amidst fine mountains. Wildhaus is the leading centre, and it has several good hotels. Smaller places which took my fancy during a recent visit were Unterwasser and Alt St. Johann. Then, on or near the lake are Weesen, Amden and Flumsberg, all of which I can recommend.

South-east of the Toggenburg, in the farthest corner of North-East Switzerland, is the fashionable spa-resort of Bad Ragaz. It is a very pleasing spot and is well supplied with organised entertainments. I would recommend it, too, for anyone wishing a rest-cure.

"STEIN-AM-RHEIN, PERHAPS THE LOVELIEST MEDIEVAL TOWN IN SWITZERLAND": This view of the riverside town shows, on the right, the ancient Hotel Rheinfels, which Gordon Cooper notes is "a delectable place in which to lodge for a day or two." Particular features of the town include the painted façades of many of the buildings (one of which is seen *inset on left*), projecting balconies and house-fronts decorated with wood carvings.

Within easy reach of Bad Ragaz, to the north, is the Principality of Liechtenstein, whose peaceful way of life attracts me back time after time. It is true that to-day the tiny capital, Vaduz, attracts a considerable number of motor-coach excursions, but it is very easy to escape into a paradise of remoteness in the near-by hinterland.

Another spot I can strongly recommend for those seeking to get right away from all tourist traffic is the isolated village of Sax, which lies a few miles north of Buchs, an important railway junction and a stopping-place for international expresses. In Sax, an old building, the Gasthof Schossli, is just the sort of place in which I like to stay.

In this rapid survey of North-East Switzerland I bring you, lastly, to the small canton of Appenzell, which is completely surrounded by the territory of the canton of St. Gall. Then, in addition, the Reformation led to a curious division of the canton into Inner Rhoden, mainly Roman Catholic and pastoral, and having as its chief town Appenzell; and Outer Rhoden, solidly Protestant and industrial, with Herisau its chief town.

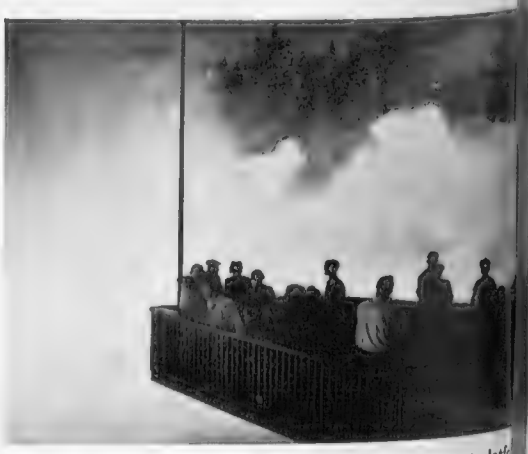
From St. Gall, you can journey to Appenzell by electric railway or by road, passing through the delightful town of Gais on the way. But I think some people might well like to stay for a few days in this place, for it is a resort which I can recommend, the more so as its Hotel Krone is a delightful establishment in which to lodge. It stands in the large main square, one of the finest in Switzerland, and is lined with houses of true Appenzell type.

Appenzell would also be a nice place in which to stay, but only for a night or two, just to study its life; although it could be used as a centre for local excursions. Try to be there over a week-end, for it is on Sunday that national costumes are worn by some of the women. The finest costumes are to be seen during the annual celebration of Corpus Christi (in the late spring). As one strolls about the streets of this little town various odd habits may be noted—the men smoking their pipes with the bowls upside-down, and the carrying of bundles of herbs by the women. Primitive institutions, too, have survived in this canton in all their simplicity, and the "Landsgemeinde," or compulsory assembly of all males over twenty years of age, deliberates yearly in the open air, on the last Sunday of April. Votes are taken by a show of hands. Each voter carries a sword as a symbol of his rights and freedom.

This peculiar form of legislature has brought some curious results. There are no laws, for instance, governing the status of doctors and dentists. Thus Appenzell is a paradise for every kind of quack. Many of the houses adjoining the frontier between the cantons of St. Gall and Appenzell are occupied by a most peculiar collection of health-restorers, for there is quite a amount of business done with patients from over the border. I heard of one "doctor" who treats his clients by just praying to them by 'phone, so that they do not even have to visit him in person.

To return, however, to the town of Appenzell. It is delectable. The main street has many old timber buildings, with gay-coloured shutters, wall frescoes and charming window-boxes. The town is famed for its embroidery, and you can see the women sitting in their doorways engaged in this work. Among the outstanding houses in the main street (Hauptgasse) is Hans Dobler's Löwen-Drogerie (Lion Pharmacy), with its thirteen flowers painted on thirteen plaques affixed to the outside wall and between the windows. These show the yellow gentian, lavender, sage, arnica, etc. The sixteenth-century Town Hall and the Hotel Löwen are also attractive.

A pleasant side-trip from Appenzell is to the pleasant summer resort of Weissbad (Weissbad Kurhaus can be recommended for a stay), and then on to Wasserauen, where the road ends. But your goal should be the Seealpsee, which can only be reached on foot. The slight effort, however, is well worth while, for in this little hidden corner of Appenzell is the loveliest of lakes and so peaceful an atmosphere, that I, for one, would confirm the statement made in the local publicity brochure: "When it is said that God created the world in six days, one is tempted to believe that He made the land of Appenzell on the seventh day—a Sunday afternoon—for His sheer pleasure."



A NOTABLE ATTRACTION: From an observation platform visitors are seen watching the Rhine Falls near Schaffhausen.

A SERENE BAY AND RUGGED HILLS IN EASTERN MAJORCA : The Bay of Pollensa is seen from the road leading over the hills to the Formentor Peninsula. Puerto Pollensa, on the Bay, makes an excellent centre for exploring Eastern Majorca.

EASTERN MAJORCA

A Country of Sandy Coves and Steep Rocks which has much to Offer to the Visitor who is Willing to Explore

Written and Illustrated by J. ALLAN CASH

Majorca is a fascinating island, full of surprises and hidden charms. Extremely mountainous in the north, more gentle elsewhere, it is a green and luscious land. No part of the island is more varied and exciting than the eastern half, in particular the whole of the north-east corner.

An excellent centre from which to explore this part is Puerto Pollensa, on the Bay of Pollensa. Not Pollensa itself; that is several miles inland; a security measure in days gone by when pirates roamed the Mediterranean Sea. The Majorcans built their towns inland and had only tiny ports on the coast.

Puerto Pollensa is a delightful place, with a few small hotels lining the bay. In summer-time the road along the waterfront is closed to traffic. The hotels spread their tables across it and serve meals there. Fishermen in their gaily-painted boats go out to fish at night, and if you get up early enough in the morning you can see their catches being sold on the quay.

Puerto Pollensa lies at the beginning of the Formentor Peninsula, a wild and rocky promontory some fifteen miles long. In the centre are beautiful woods, and the south coast consists of a series of wooded bays and bathing beaches.

But the north coast and the extreme end are the wild parts. There are cliffs rising sheer out of the blue sea for 1,000 ft., even overhanging in places; deep inlets and bays, and everywhere pine-trees clinging to the steep slopes. At sunset the warm rays of the sun turn the cliffs to shades of delicate pink, softening their ruggedness. A particularly lovely spot is Cala San Vincente, just over the hills from Pollensa to the north. It is a tiny, sandy bay backed by high hills.

A good road runs round Pollensa Bay, across a narrow peninsula and out on to Alcudia Bay, at Puerto Alcudia. This is another attractive little seaside place, and from here sails the steamer to Minorca. Alcudia itself, on the peninsula, is a fortified town, with massive gates and a town wall.

There is a pleasant cross-country run from here to the east coast beyond Arta. Here are some of the caves for which Majorca is rightly famous. The Arta Cave is enormous and opens out in the face of a cliff above the sea. A narrow road and a great flight of steps lead up to it. Further down the coast, at Porto Cristo, is the most famous of them all—the Dragon's Cave. It is a long way down, but there are well-made steps and all the curious formations are beautifully illuminated. At the bottom lies a lake of pure water—said to be the largest under-water lake in the world—with countless stalactites hanging from the roof.

Visitors are requested to sit on the natural seats round the lake, then the lights slowly fade out. Soon music is heard coming from far away across the lake. Three boats, illuminated with little lights and containing a small orchestra, come into view. They drift slowly past and disappear down a long inlet, the haunting strains echoing among the rocks. Altogether it is a unique experience, strangely beautiful.

All along this east coast of Majorca there are sandy bays and coves, many of them so remote that you could have them all to yourself. It is country which has much to offer to the visitor who is willing to explore.

A FAVOURITE SPOT FOR ARTISTS : The little sandy bay at Cala San Vincente, near Pollensa, is typical of the Eastern Majorcan scene. The island is a great favourite with artists; Sir Winston Churchill is one who has painted there.

AN OLD FORTIFIED TOWN : The narrow main street of Alcudia, the fortress town on the peninsula adjoining Pollensa Bay.

MONASTERY AND MARKET TOWN : The Monastery of San Salvador, which stands on a hill that looks like an extinct volcano, near Felanitx. *On right*—The old market town of Pollensa lies several miles inland, away from the port bearing its name. It contains fine Roman remains.

THE NAVY AND THE R.A.F. GO MOUNTAINEERING

An Air Force Exercise in Cyprus and a Naval Expedition in Italy

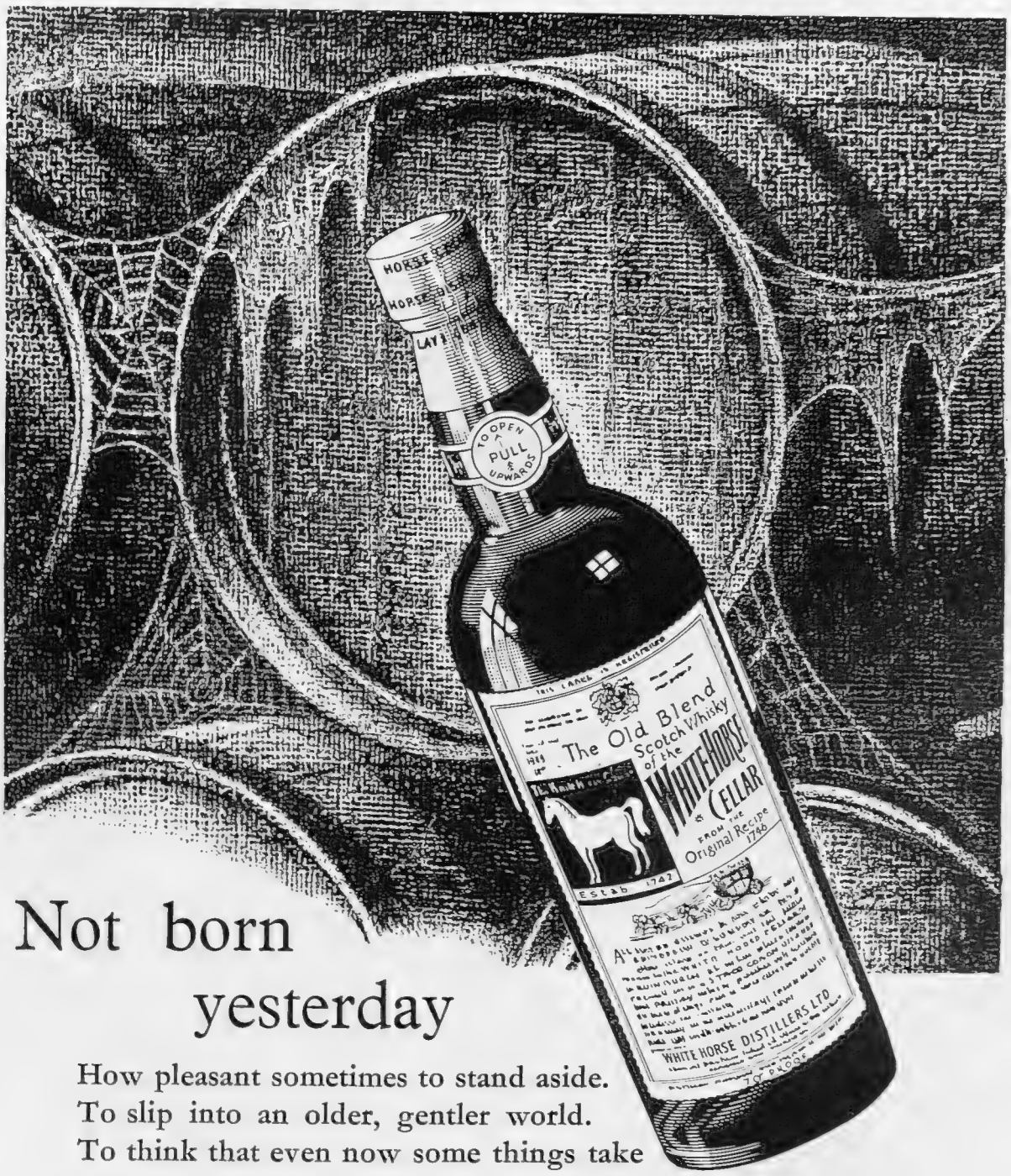
THE AIR FORCE AT WORK ON THE MOUNTAINS : Members of the Royal Air Force Mountain Rescue Unit in Cyprus manœuvre a stretcher with a dummy patient down the mountainside during an exercise held recently. Nearest the camera is Sergeant MacKinley, the team-leader. The Cyprus Unit is the eighth Mountain Rescue Unit to be established, but is the first to operate overseas. It has recently completed a strenuous training course and is now ready for service. As well as being responsible for rescuing the crew of any aircraft forced down in mountains or some other inaccessible area, the unit assist in keeping the local forest areas free from fire.

AN R.A.F. MOUNTAIN RESCUE UNIT TOIL UP THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN IN CYPRUS : The seven units established in Great Britain have many times proved their usefulness, and it is fully expected that the Cyprus unit will do the same. Many civilian climbers have had cause to thank these teams.

THE NAVY GO OUT ON THE MOUNTAINS—A CLIMBING PARTY FROM H.M.S. "TYNE" ON MOUNT GOTTERO, ITALY : These men were members of a party of six officers and thirty-one ratings who went mountaineering during the Home Fleet's visit to Spezia, in north-west Italy.

HELPING HANDS : A stores lorry, which was lent by Italian authorities, is pushed over some rough ground on the way to Mount Gottero during a naval mountaineering expedition near Spezia, Italy.

THE VIEW NEAR THE TOP : Lieutenant Sharrock, of H.M.S. *Daring* (right), one of the joint organisers of the climb, pauses near the summit. With him is one of the Italian Commandos who acted as guides. The aim of the expedition was to prove that a party of sailors with little or no previous experience could live rough and reach an objective inland, using only equipment available on board ship. The climbers were accompanied by the B.B.C. commentator, Wynford Vaughan Thomas. On the first day the expedition camped in the village of Chiusola, 1,200 ft. above sea-level. Because there were no tents, the party slept in a large, old, dilapidated house put at their disposal by villagers. On the second day the expedition split into different parties and made their way by various routes back to the transports. Mr. Vaughan Thomas and a rating continued the climb to the summit, but missed the transport truck and had to return by taxi.



Not born yesterday

How pleasant sometimes to stand aside.
To slip into an older, gentler world.
To think that even now some things take years, not minutes, to produce. To remember that no-one and nothing can hurry the slow, subtle ageing of White Horse Whisky, transmuting its ardour to a soft and golden glow. Even in these feverish days there are times when Time itself has to stand almost still.

WHITE HORSE
Scotch Whisky

The World of Books

LUDWIG'S BAVARIAN FANTASY

A New Biography of the Mad King of Bavaria; a Valuable Assessment of the Dreyfus Case; Some Recent Novels

IT is a truism of history that monarchs, because of their solitary position, are subject to more coercive stresses than their subjects. The story of the Kings and Queens of Europe reveals most human strengths and weaknesses in exaggerated form. Some sovereigns have been exceptionally good. Not a few have been certifiably insane. Ludwig II of Bavaria (1845–1886) has the dubious privilege of being known to all students of history as *The* "Mad King." His memory remains in the more eccentric architecture which survives in his former kingdom.

An enormous amount has been written about him because, presumably, anyone who has seen a manifestation of his psyche—such as Hohenschwangau—must want to enquire the reason why. Added to this, of course, is the other great fact about him—his patronage and friendship of Richard Wagner. So, music-lovers as well as historians have an interest in this unfortunate personality. BAVARIAN FANTASY (John Murray. 25s.) is an excellent addition to the full library on Ludwig and, to those who are uninitiated, a most recommendable introduction to the relationship between lunacy, power and the arts. The author, Desmond Chapman-Huston, died in 1952 before he had completed his book. The final revision has been carried out by Osyth Leeston.

The result may be that where the author would have cut and pruned ruthlessly, Osyth Leeston has made at all times generous allowance, particularly in the quotations from Ludwig's frequently incomprehensible secret diary. The Royal lunatic, the eldest son of Maximilian II, ascended the Bavarian throne in 1864. Throughout his life his interests were in art and music rather than in affairs of State, and his greatest joy was to lavish wealth and honours upon Wagner, who aroused in him the most excessive emotions. Other friends did the same, notably Richard Hornig and the very ordinary Freiherr von Varicourt, to whom Ludwig attributed almost godlike qualities. The King's life must have been full of appalling stresses. Beyond doubt the greatest of them was the sight of his own beloved brother, Prince Otto, going mad. Ludwig was aware that this would be his own fate. This was the reason why more and more he withdrew from the everyday world, building great castles and fairy palaces at enormous cost to the Bavarian people.

Finally, with no man or woman to help him in his agony and surrounded, the author says, "by a pack of obtuse alienists," Ludwig II had his throne forcibly taken from him. At the same time, he was declared insane, and so, after a night of terror in the deserted halls of Neuschwanstein, the "mad" King was driven away to his prison, his own lakeside castle of Berg. No sooner had he arrived than the attendants began to put bars on the windows and take all precautions for the terrible years ahead. In this, Ludwig thwarted them. He took a walk accompanied by his chief gaoler and physician, Gudden. Neither returned from that stroll, which took them to the side of a lake. Hours later Gudden and Ludwig were found drowned. Gudden had died first. On the heavy neck of the physician there were the terrible marks of strangulation. There was no mark of any sort on Ludwig His face was young again and beautiful and filled with peace, as if at last he could truly say, as in the secret diary, "to me my rest."

I suppose that anyone asked to name the ten most famous trials in modern history would include Dreyfus in the list. It was in December 1894 that the captain of the French Army was sentenced by a court martial on the charge of communicating French military secrets to the German Government, and, under a special law made for the occasion, imprisoned him on Devil's Island. He was rehabilitated in 1906. Needless to say, in those intervening years of trial and retrial, when France was rocked to her foundations by all the implications of the *affaire*, a mass of literature was created, most of it conflicting and nearly all of it inconclusive. In THE DREYFUS CASE (Hart-Davis. 25s.) Guy Chapman, sometime Professor of Modern History in the University of Leeds, attempts a re-assessment, and in nearly 400 pages of close reasoning he guides us skilfully through the mass of evidence in this case which still has its impact on modern French history.

Mr. Chapman does not accept the view that Dreyfus was the victim of a clerico-military conspiracy against the French Republic. To do so, he says, is to play into the hands of the Dreyfusards. The author is at pains to make plain the difference between the Dreyfusards and the Dreyfusists. The former, he avers, were the political opportunists in the case, and the latter were those who, from the outset, suspected a judicial error and sought by legal methods to right a great wrong. Mr. Chapman has written an admirable book, and amid all the maze of detail it is wonderfully clear. This is not to say that pursuing the story to the end in all its twists and turns does not demand a great deal of concentration.

I hoped I was going to enjoy enormously R. J. Mitchell's JOHN FREE (Longmans. 25s.), the story of a young Bristolian who graduated from the quays of his native city to the Courts of Renaissance Italy via Oxford University. It is certainly an important narrative, showing how one without money or influence made his way in the fifteenth-century world. But there is an unhappy lack of positive information at just those points where it is most needed. Therefore, John Free remains a shadowy figure, and I have the feeling that what is certainly an excellent essay has been expanded rather forcibly by the introduction of not wholly relevant facts.

However, the chapter on Bristol in the first half of the fifteenth century is full of atmosphere. We can see how this young man, destined to be a classicist of high reputation, grew up among the West Country merchant adventurers and swiftly acquired a taste not only for learning but also for roving.

That Free made his way in the world of scholars there is no question. At the time of his sudden death at the age of thirty-five his own great scholarship and piety had secured for him preferment to the bishopric of Bath and Wells, although he never lived to take up his episcopate. But one of the faults of this tantalising narrative is that we are left conjecturing how and why John Free died.

If we are to believe Marco Polo, the reason for his immortal journey to the Orient was the Great Khan's desire to know something about Christianity. However, the missionaries which started out from Venice with Polo, his father and his uncle in 1271 did not go very far with them on their saga to Xanadu and Kubla Khan. Perhaps this is the reason why in later centuries the Jesuits showed such a keen missionary enterprise in the Far East and, incidentally, amassed such a wealth of valuable geographical, sociological and other scientific information. Father Huc's *Tibet* is a classic case in point. In THE WISE MAN FROM THE WEST (Hart-Davis. 18s.) Vincent Cronin tells the story of another great Jesuit Far Eastern missioner—Matteo Ricci.

In 1583 Ricci began his enterprise in China and died there three decades later. By then he had come to know the country and to love it well. Before Ricci, China was an unexplored land bordering on Polo's vague, mysterious Cathay, and to the Chinese, Europe was hardly more than a rumour to the learned Mandarins, for it is now generally accepted that Polo did not visit the geographical China we know to-day. Mr. Cronin has based his book on a great deal of new material. The abiding impression of Ricci is that because he loved Chinese civilisation and honoured it, he came to understand it, and in doing so he was able to begin the task of grafting Christianity on to Oriental ways of thought. All his life he respected Chinese susceptibilities, believing that to do otherwise was unpardonable egoism. Ricci was a man of tact and gentleness, and Mr. Cronin reveals him in a fair and fascinating light.

A DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN AUTHOR IN BRITAIN: Louis Bromfield came to this country earlier this month to lecture in Yorkshire and Scotland. His visit formed part of his European tour, during which he had been lecturing to agricultural societies. Mr. Bromfield arrived from Amsterdam.

To most people in this country the name of Gertrude Lawrence is probably synonymous with *Private Lives* and the late '20's in the heyday of Noël Coward's stage productivity. In GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AS MRS. A. (Odhams Press. 18s.) her husband, Richard Stoddard Aldrich, has written a biographical study of this now almost legendary figure, dealing mainly with the latter part of her career and in particular with her life in America. Theatregoers, particularly those past forty, will need no encouragement to read this intimate study. It is very readable, although over-long and at times a trifle naïve. Gertrude Lawrence had undeniable star quality. Whether she was a great actress rather than a great personality is not to be readily assessed. What is of most value in this portrait is the vividly warm character which emerges irresistibly from these bright, gossipy pages.

MEMOIRS OF A BIRDMAN (Phœnix House. 16s.) is Ludwig Koch's story of his work as a naturalist largely devoted to the task of recording on discs the bird songs of Europe. Since 1936, when he left his native Germany because of the Nazis, Ludwig Koch has worked closely with the B.B.C. He has met many adventures and his book is lively and enthralling.

When an experienced actor takes the stage and, seemingly without forcing the pace, assumes command of the situation, he does not make us conscious of his art. Stella Gibbons has that skill as a novelist. In THE SHADOW OF A SORCERER (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) we are plunged at once into a well-sustained narrative. Mrs. Lambert and her only child, the lovely but rather irresponsible Meg, are the central characters looking from insular eyes upon the people around them in the Austrian *gasthaus*. Meg's meeting with Esme Scarron, the man of wealth and mystery, who lives in the house across the lake, changes the whole aspect of this well-ordered Continental visit. Stella Gibbons strides on to complete a most exciting story. Her close observation of character has always been her strong asset.

J. M. Scott is a first-rate story-teller and a mountaineer of long experience. When he takes us up to the high places he knows and loves so well he is at his best. Nothing could be more intensely dramatic than the way in which he starts his new novel of the war, THE OTHER HALF OF THE ORANGE (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.). The setting is the Alpine borderland somewhere in the triangle where France, Switzerland and Italy converge. Along one of the Alpine escape routes Martin Henson is being guided

THE AUTHOR OF "GOING TO THE WARS": John Verney, who was also responsible for the jacket design of his book (Collins. 12s. 6d.), is seen at work in his studio. In *Going to the Wars* Mr. Verney records the years from 1939 to 1945 as he encountered them as an officer in Europe and the Far East. In a review of the book published in "The Sphere" earlier this month, Richard Edmonds described it as "a most sensitive piece of work."

to safety over the dangerous trails, dangerous not only because of German rifles but because of the nature of the terrain. Joining him on the most difficult section of the route is "the woman" who, by her presence, endangers his safety. They part as suddenly as they meet, each to go their own ways. If Martin's return to Europe, drawn thither by post-war restlessness and the zest for adventure, and his eventual reunion with Franca are inevitable—as they must be in any well-regulated romantic novel—nothing can detract from the excellence of this story. It bears the stamp of authenticity. There is a heady charm about Mr. Scott's writing.

Elizabeth Sewell has written a most sensitive piece of work in her new novel, THE SINGULAR HOPE (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.). The heroine is Joan Crusoe, a girl of fifteen afflicted with physical deformity, to whom growing up is a sterner ordeal than for most of us. It is her difficult task to come to terms with her awkward body, her rebellious mind and the other residents of the school for crippled children where she has been sent. The victory which Joan finally wins is a spiritual victory. The story is infinitely touching, and all the more so because Elizabeth Sewell is a disciplined writer with an assured technique.

Here is a novel of the wide open spaces, a first novel by an author with authentic natural talent and a sense of history. THE LAST HUNT (Collins. 12s. 6d.), by Milton Lott, deals with the brutal chapter of Western history when the buffalo hunters wiped out the buffalo and so robbed the Indian of his livelihood and revolutionised the West. It is a novel full of realism and good writing.

Max Murray, who weirdly combines a high-powered wit with a strong sense of the macabre, now adds ROYAL BED FOR A CORPSE (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) to the "corps" of thrillers he has already marshalled with such savage delight.

Richard Edmonds

Mr. David Woodward needs no introduction to the reader of the naval history of the last war. His "The Tirpitz" was a classic example of exposition of marine strategy. His new book enhances this reputation. **THE SECRET RAIDERS** (William Kimber. 15s.) *deals with the stories of the nine armed merchant raiders which the Germans sent to sea between 1939 and 1945. It is astonishing to learn that this handful of "Q" ships destroyed more Allied and neutral shipping than all the enemy's mines. But this is only one of the many facts which the author weaves into a fascinating saga of the sea. The facts are most carefully collated, the telling of the tale is excellent and the author gives us some sound conclusions from what happened in the past upon which we and N.A.T.O. should base naval planning for the future.*

There are two new additions to The Men and Books series, published at 10s. 6d. each, by Messrs. Longmans, Green. *One is* **JOHN MILTON,** *by Kenneth Muir, and the other is* **SAMUEL JOHNSON,** *by Michael Joyce.*

The first English translation of **SUMMER IMPRESSIONS** (John Calder. 9s. 6d.), *by Fydor Dostoievsky, has been made by Kyril Fitzlyon, who also writes the introduction. It is the record of Dostoievsky's "first voyage of discovery" to Western Europe, during which he paid his one and only visit to Britain. The illustrations are by Philippe Jullian.*

BOOKS FOR OUR READERS

For the amateur Genealogist

TRACE YOUR ANCESTORS

L. G. Pine

An introduction to this fascinating study by the Editor of *Burke's Peerage*. *2nd impression. 8/6 net.*

By the same author

THEY CAME WITH THE CONQUEROR

Outlines Norman history up to 1066 and sheds new light on claims to "Norman descent."

Illustrated. 21/- net.

From all Booksellers

EVANS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

FOYLES

* FOR BOOKS *

NEW, SECONDHAND & RARE

Books

ON EVERY SUBJECT

Foyles have depts. for Music, Records, Stationery, Handicraft Tools and Materials, Magazine Subscriptions, Lending Library, Foreign Stamps.

119-125 CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON WC2

Gerrard 5660 (16 *lines*). *Open* 9-6 (*inc Sats.*)

Two minutes from Tottenham Court Road Station.

JOYCE

CARY

a new novel

Not Honour More [12/6]

JOHN

MASTERS

a new novel

Coromandel! [12/6]

MICHAEL JOSEPH

THE MEMOIRS OF

King Peter II

OF YUGOSLAVIA

A KING'S HERITAGE

ASSELL *Illustrated. 25s. net.*

Publishers' News

From Rabbit to Tiger. . . . By J. Dunn. An original approach to the teaching of golf. Challenges traditional methods. (*Thorsons.* 10*s.* 6*d.*)

The Red Carpet. . . . By Marshall MacDuffie. 10,000 miles through Russia. An important account of life in the Soviet Union. (*Cassell.* 18*s.*)

The Mask of Glass. . . . By Molly Hoth. An exciting new novel by the author of *The Content Assignment.* (*Hamish Hamilton.* 9*s.* 6*d.*)

The Retrial of Joan of Arc. . . . By Régine Pernoud. The evidence gives a vivid picture both of Joan and life in the Middle Ages. (*Methuen.* 16*s.*)

Many a Slip. . . . By Freeman Wills Crofts. In which the inimitable Inspector French once again shows his mettle. (*Hodder and Stoughton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*)

Not as a Stranger. . . . By Morton Thompson. An absorbing story of a young doctor's struggle to retain his integrity in the complex world of modern medicine. (*Michael Joseph.* 18*s.*)

No Bouquets for Brandon. . . . By Vernon Warren. Chicago "Private-Eye" Mark Brandon in a thrill-packed new adventure. (*John Gifford.* 8*s.* 6*d.*)

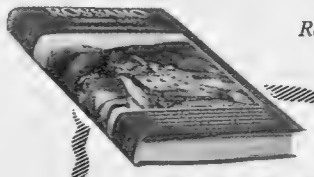
The Face. . . . By Charles H. Willi. The eminent Plastic Surgeon describes some of his cases. (*Macdonald and Evans.* 10*s.*)

Life Under the Pharaohs. . . . By Leonard Cottrell. A sequel to *The Lost Pharaohs.* This volume deals with the everyday life of the Ancient Egyptians. (*Evans.* 16*s.*)

I'd Like To Go Again. . . . By Oswald Lewis. An exciting travel book by a big-game hunter, who has also been lawyer, soldier and Member of Parliament. (*Newman Neame.* 15*s.*)

The Red Petticoat and Other Stories. . . . By Bryan MacMahon. Something to please every reader in these nineteen new stories by a well-known Irish author. (*Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*)

Recommended by the BOOK SOCIETY



ROSSANO

An adventure of the Italian Resistance

GORDON LETT

"It is, in its modest way, an epic. Major Lett's story lets the best of human qualities shine out—compassion, faithfulness, and love." —FREYA STARK. (12/6 net)

HODDER AND STOUGHTON

Just Published

GOLF—From Rabbit to Tiger

By J. DUNN 10/6 net. Postage 9d.

With a Foreword by Max Faulkner

This new book cannot be dismissed as yet another Golf book for it is different. It is not a book of reminiscences, neither does it claim that it will raise anyone's standard right away to international level—it does claim, however, that it will enable the average golfer to develop his or her own game and become proficient in his or her own style.

This is the basis of the entirely new approach to golf appealing in this book. In his foreword Max Faulkner says: "The lesson here, of course, is, don't try to emulate anyone! Be yourself! Develop your own game! That is Mr. Dunn's thesis, and how right he is. Mr. Dunn is an accomplished writer and his new book is full of information."

All golfers will want this book

Order from your Bookseller or by Post from—

THORSONS PUBLISHERS LTD.,

Dept. 103, 91, ST. MARTINS LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

ADOLF GALLAND

The First and The Last

The life and death of the Luftwaffe: the personal story of Adolf Galland, Germany's most famous fighter ace and wartime commander of the fighter force. Here is a document of cardinal importance in the history of the air war. It 'combines in one man's memoirs both the passion of combat and the perspective of command.' (*Time Magazine*)

Foreword by Douglas Bader
Illustrated. 18s.

METHUEN

Enter Sir Robert

ANGELA THIRKELL

Mrs. Thirkell's latest Barsetshire chronicle is as gay and amusing as ever. The action takes place mostly at Hatch End and Little Misfit, and readers will welcome news of many old friends and some new ones.

12*s.* 6*d.*

Violent Saturday

W. L. HEATH

A powerfully-written novel about a small-town robbery, and its shattering effect on the pattern of several lives.

Book Society Recommendation. 10*s.* 6*d.*

HAMISH HAMILTON

THE FACE

AND ITS IMPROVEMENT BY AESTHETIC PLASTIC SURGERY

By Charles H. Willi

the Specialist who has successfully treated over 16,000 cases during his 45 years' practising in London

Illustrated with more than 60 before-and-after photographs, this remarkable book graphically describes the art of the aesthetic plastic surgeon and tells how facial defects—both congenital and those imposed by time and suffering—are transformed. **Price 10s.,** from all bookshops, or **10s. 4d.** post paid from the publishers: **Macdonald & Evans Ltd., 8 John St., London, W.C.1**

Mazo de la Roche

VARIABLE WINDS AT JALNA

This new addition to the Whiteoak chronicle brings the story close to the present day. 12s. 6d.

Bryan MacMahon

THE RED PETTICOAT AND OTHER STORIES

A new collection by the author of *The Lion Tamer* and *Children of the Rainbow.* 12s. 6d.

Macmillan

SWITZERLAND
offers best
value for money
*

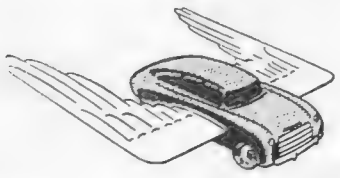
Get the most for your money and get the most out of your holiday by going to SWITZERLAND this year. You'll love the glorious scenery and you'll love the hotels that for food and comfort cannot be bettered. And all at a price *you* can afford (Full board and lodging from 20/- a day inclusive). For about £25 your TRAVEL AGENT can arrange a complete 12-day all-in holiday that includes your fare from London. Talk it over with him to-day!

Whatever you miss in Life — don't miss
SWITZERLAND

Further information also available from the Swiss National Tourist Office 458 Strand, London, W.C.2.

THE
CHANNEL AIR BRIDGE
BOOK NOW IF YOU ARE GOING ABROAD FOR YOUR HOLIDAY THIS SUMMER WITH YOUR CAR.

SOUTHEND — CALAIS
IN 28 MINUTES



AIR CHARTER LTD
LONDON

Full particulars from Booking Office:
92, BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1.
SLOANE 4493 or 4648,
or your nearest travel agent.

Easy Payment Plan Available.

FODOR **GUIDES**
for cheaper holidays
SWITZERLAND 1955
one of eleven original guide books, published at 15s
FODOR **NEWMAN NEAME**

THE ALL-BRITISH
Conway Stewart
the Pen with the Marvellous Nib!

Gives character to your writing
PRICES 12/9 to 45/-

SEE EUROPE
From an Armchair

INCLUSIVE OUTLAYS
56 gns. to 195 gns.
$165 to $574

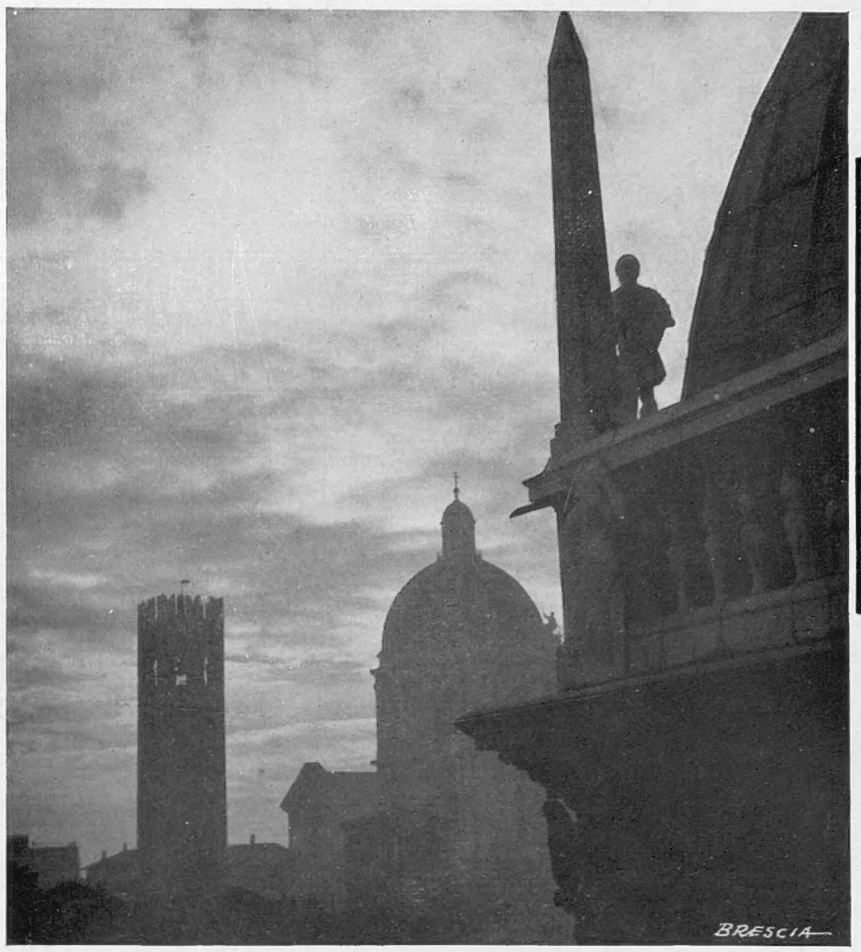
Memorable tours by luxurious Motor Pullman and Motor Coaches, from 14 to 30 days, London back to London. No language worries. 1st class hotels. Day travel only.
Send now for brochures
MOTORWAYS
PIONEERS OF LUXURY MOTOR PULLMAN TOURS
(Division T.) 85 Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1
Sloane 0422 or Agents
and Hotel Weylin, 40 East 54th St., N.Y., 22

SEÑOR **SOLO** SAYS . . .

SOLO means more real Spanish Orange juice.

3/6 Per Bottle

ask for . . .
SOLO
and you'll get — the Best!



in Lombardy stop at Brescia, near famous Lake Garda and picturesque Lake Iseo

Fine Renaissance architecture—Roman buildings—Masterpieces of the sixteenth-century school of painting: Moretto, Foppa, Savoldo, Romanino.

GARDONE RIVIERA — SIRMIONE — TOSCOLANO — MADERNO — SALO'
DESENZANO — LIMONE — GARGNANO — ISEO

Information from: Italian State Tourist Office (ENIT), 201, Regent Street, London, W. 1. Ente Provinciale per il Turismo, Brescia. and all Travel Agencies.

First Sailing of

s.s. "HOMERIC" to CANADA

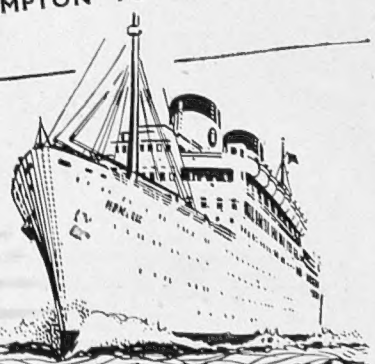
3rd MAY, 1955

This up-to-date 26,000-tons liner has modernised air-conditioned Cabins, Staterooms and Public rooms, with individual touch control. Spacious decks; Lido; Children's rooms—in fact everything for your service and enjoyment.

Further departures on
20th MAY · 5th JUNE · 23rd JUNE
and regularly thereafter

FIRST & TOURIST CLASS ACCOMMODATION

ONLY 6 DAYS SEA TRAVEL
FROM SOUTHAMPTON TO QUEBEC



HOME LINES
Apply to your local Travel Agent or to:
E. H. MUNDY & CO. LTD.,
West End Office: 87, JERMYN ST., LONDON, S.W.1.
Telephone:—TRAfalgar 1321

WHITSUNTIDE

DEAUVILLE

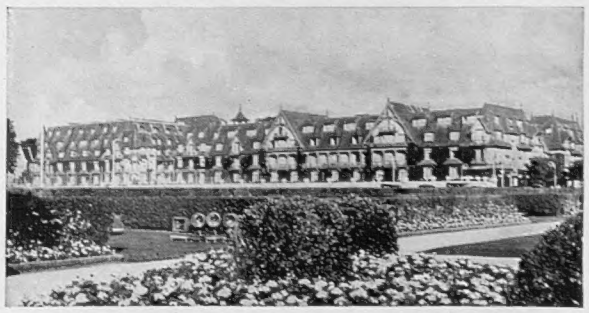
"La Plage Fleurie"

DAILY SERVICE by SILVER CITY
SOUTHAMPTON—DEAUVILLE
(RESERVED FOR CARS)

Apply: Silver City Airways,
11 Great Cumberland Place, London, W.1. Phone Paddington 7040.

BY AIR-FRANCE: LONDON—DEAUVILLE
Regular Services from 17th JUNE

Apply: Air France,
52 Haymarket, London, S.W.1. 'Phone: Whitehall 4455.
(Or your Travel Agent)



Royal · Hotel du Golf · Normandy
New Golf (2 courses). All sporting clubs are open.

CASINO
ROULETTE · 30 ET 40 · BACCARA
THEATRE: MARIAN ANDERSON.

GALAS AT THE AMBASSADEURS
From July—AIME BARELLI ORCHESTRA.

DIRECTEUR GENÉRAL: F. ANDRÉ.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195–198, *Strand, London, W.C.2.*

MONDAY, MARCH 21, 1955. This day may be long remembered, for officially it was the first day of spring, and for once the Clerk of the Weather and the Calendar were in accord It *was* a spring day. Southdown lambs were engaged in a symphony of youthful bleats, outstretched, outsize porkers were grunting unmusically in the sunshine, and bird-nest building was in full swing.

Spring sunshine caressed us as we sat on the terrace of Parkhill Hotel, a mile outside Lyndhurst, on the road to Beaulieu. "Aren't you afraid of those Muscovy ducks flying away?" we asked our hosts, James Hargreaves and his wife. "Not in the least," they replied. "They recognise what a friendly sanctuary they dwell in." Unconsciously they expressed what so many of their visitors, both from home and overseas, have told me. It is so friendly and so peaceful.

Of course, Parkhill does not suit everyone. I know of a couple who left in high dudgeon. They expected, I think, a *maître d'hôtel,* a *sommelier* and *haute cuisine,* none of which would fit in with this carefree, friendly, country-house atmosphere, where one is unassumingly well-cared for. It was with reluctance that we waved our adieux to the Hargreaves, but the homing instinct is strong in us, so we shall hope to return there soon.

Our next objective was The Crown Hotel in Lyndhurst itself, and we found it as one expects to view a crown—untarnished. Cleanliness was conspicuously evident in cloakrooms, bar lounge, dining-room and bedrooms, two of which—by the sacrifice of a single room—have been equipped with private bathrooms. It was not a case of just a spring-clean, because, since Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bowcher, the present resident proprietors, came into possession, a progressive policy of improvement has been taking place, thus adding to the Crown's lustre.

Bournemouth looks her best in springtime . . . the sea sparkled through the pines and the sands made an inviting promenade, for it was early days as yet for belles and buckets.

We stayed the night at the Tollard Royal Hotel, on the crest of Bournemouth's West Cliff, where, from our bedroom window, we had a forty-mile panorama of sea and coastline. Spring flowers adorned the lounges, and in the evening glowing coal fires, plus central heating, reminded us that it was early yet to shed winter clothes.

Spring, however, was short-lived. We awoke the following morning to find that the Clerk of the Weather was in ill-humour. Old Harry Rocks were blotted out by drizzle, and it was along greasy roads that we slithered our way through Dorset.

The Crown Hotel at Blandford provided a pleasant interlude. We experienced the warmth of a Scottish welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay, and I recalled that on the last occasion I had stayed there, one cold night in late May, some thoughtful soul had slipped a hot-water bottle into my well-sprung, well-covered bed. My bedroom had a liberal amount of drawer and wardrobe space, with a copious supply of coat-hangers in the latter. Dorset is a county rich in domestic architecture, and the Nash prints in the lounge are a reminder of this.

Journeying northward, it is a pleasant run through Shaftesbury (note the small Mitre Inn if you are ever thereabouts at mealtimes) on to Warminster, where, had we been stopping, we should have spun a coin between The Bath Arms (an Ushers' house) and The Goddard Arms (one of the Simonds group of hotels), but we had a definite objective on this wet March afternoon—the second day of spring—for we knew we would find, as do all chance motorists, a warm hearth, central heating, a friendly welcome, and hot crumpets oozing with butter, as well as lovely home-made cookies at The Manor House, Castle Combe, one of the loveliest country house hotels in the whole of Britain. During our tour of inspection we noted the dining-room set out for the forthcoming feast (every meal is a feast here), the club cocktail bar, where the happenings of a busy day in the open are recounted. We noted, too, the spick-and-span corridors, the bedrooms—several with private bathrooms—and, finally, we ended up in the kitchen, where an immaculate chef was cooking dinner for eight canine guests! As Mrs. Roger Allen emphasised, dogs have high priority at The Manor House, for it is to the country-lover that this hotel makes its greatest appeal. It is a grand base for sightseeing and indulging in country pursuits, such as first-class trout fishing, hunting with the Beaufort, or hacking along the winding valleys and bridle-paths which surround the estate. So it was again with reluctance that we moved on, having made a mental note of the room we would like on our next visit.

About another ten miles brought us to The Old Bell at Malmesbury, which stands, as it has done for centuries, in the shadow of the Abbey. Here we decided to "call it a day" if we could get accommodation for the night, and well content were we with our choice.

The true spirit of hospitality reigns within its ivy-clad walls. Before dinner we took our ease in a sociable bar lounge where hunting, farming and the weather were the main topics of conversation. We dined in a graciously-appointed room, were waited on with professional skill, and one look at the comprehensive menu justified a call for the wine list. Later we repaired to a lounge, where antique furniture lived harmoniously with easy chairs. Mr. Frank Fisher, an hotelier of first-class repute, has done—and is still doing—much to retain The Old Bell's reputation as one of our English hotel landmarks.

Motoring is pleasant if taken leisurely during the springtime. We had the roads mostly to ourselves, and though in no case had we booked ahead, we had no difficulty in getting accommodation.

ABERDOUR, FIFE. WOODSIDE HOTEL
On the sunny Fifeshire coast, within three-quarters of an hour's reach of Edinburgh, this most comfortably furnished hotel is famous for its cuisine and cellar, and as a holiday headquarters has every amenity close at hand: Golf, Fishing, Tennis, Boating and Bathing. Tel.: Aberdour 8.

ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK. THE UPLANDS
Here, where the poet Crabbe once lived, is a home of gracious living. Not labelled Hotel or Guest House, it attracts those appreciative of good cooking, faithful service, books, flowers and sunny spaciousness. Tel.: 156.

BANTRY BAY Co. Cork. ARDNAGASHEL HOUSE
25 yards from the sea. An Irish Country House Hotel in glorious scenery, with goggle-fishing, bathing, sailing; or just eating, drinking and being lazy. Write R. Kaulback.

BATH. LANSDOWN GROVE HOTEL
Distinctively individual, with an appeal to all, irrespective of age. Standing in own beautiful grounds. Every comfort. Rooms with private bath. Delightful cocktail bar and grill room. Lift. Garage. Fully licensed. A.A., R.A.C. Tel.: 5891.

BOURNEMOUTH. CARLTON HOTEL
A.A. 5 Star. Well spoken of always, for Service is the keynote. Situated on the East Cliff and facing full south, enjoying both sunshine and sea views. 150 bedrooms and suites. Lifts. Central Heating. Excellent garage facilities. Tel.: 6560.

CIRENCESTER, Glos. STRATTON HOUSE HOTEL
For both sport and country. Hunting, Squash, Golf, Tennis, all close at hand. A Cotswold countryside rich in scenery and a lovely Cotswold Manor, comfortable, warm, and renowned for its cuisine and cellar. Tel.: 835.

DUBLIN. THE GRESHAM HOTEL
offers those visiting Ireland the utmost in bedroom comfort; 150 rooms with radios, central heating, iced water, and 24-hour service. Many private bathrooms and suites. The Gresham Grill, Cocktail Lounge and Ballroom are the social hub of Ireland's capital. For Reservations write S. O'Sullivan. Tel.: 46881.

FALMOUTH. FALMOUTH HOTEL
A fine anchorage for an early holiday with its sunny sea aspect, spring flowers, lift (ground floor bedroom if need be), and high standards of catering and comfort. Write to R. J. S. Fields, outlining your requirements. Tel.: 761.

JERSEY, C.I. BOULEY BAY. WATERS EDGE HOTEL
offers you that unsophisticated holiday you may have long been seeking with Continental Cuisine and Service, and every form of holiday delight. Write now for our coloured Brochure which gives many interesting details. Quote ref.: A.C.

KESWICK, LAKE DISTRICT. KESWICK HOTEL
Internationally famous on the score of location and amenities. All lakes, mountains and places of historic interest easily accessible with or without a car. Outstanding catering and service. Keswick 20.

LINDFIELD, Sussex. COUNTY HOTEL
1 mile from Haywards Heath main line station, stands this lovely mansion, immune from sound of passing traffic. Its purport is mainly residential, with hotel catering and comfort happily blending with country house pursuits. Write A. G. Sturdy, Resident Director. Tel.: 2358.

LLANDUDNO. ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL
like Johnny Walker is "still going strong"!
Come this year and share the sea and scenery with us. Come and enjoy our excellent cuisine, our ballroom and cocktail lounge. Free golf, too! Write to me personally, G. F. Perl, Manager. Tel.: 7873.

LONDON, N.W.4. HENDON HALL
First-class Residential Hotel, once home of David Garrick. 20 mins. West End. Excellent cuisine; fully licensed; phones all rooms; suites with private bath. Hard Tennis, Putting, Billiards, Adjoins Hendon Golf Club. Hendon 1456.

A perfect holiday in sunshine or shower at
MATLOCK. SMEDLEY'S HYDRO
in the heart of Lovely Derbyshire. The Booklet of Smedley's will be gladly sent on application to The Manager, Smedley's Hydro, Matlock.

MUNDESLEY-ON-SEA, Norfolk. GRAND HOTEL
Fine sands, bracing air, plenty of sunshine. Good food, wines and service. Open Whitsun to October. Tel.: 190.
(Under same direction—MANOR HOTEL, MUNDESLEY.)

NR. NEWQUAY, Cornwall. GLENDORGAL
Nigel Tangye offers Continental holiday by Cornish sea. Comfort, informality, magnificent food. Right on own lovely beach. Golden sands, rock pools, sun-bathing, surf-bathing. Children welcomed. Licensed for residents. 9–16 gns. to July 9, then 11–20 gns. Tel.: Newquay 2949.

PENZANCE, Cornwall. QUEENS HOTEL
a favourite hotel in a favourite position. This first-class hotel overlooks Mount's Bay, and makes a fine headquarters for touring the Cornish Riviera from St. Ives to Land's End and the Lizard. Tel.: 2371.

RAVENSCAR, Scarborough. RAVEN HALL HOTEL
A self-contained, fully-licensed holiday hotel. Heated Swimming Pool, Golf Course, Putting, Tennis, Bowls, Billiards, Dancing (Orchestra), Cinema, TV—all free to residents. Fully inclusive terms 34s. 6d. to 55s. per day. Tel.: Cloughton 233.

TROON, AYRSHIRE. MARINE HOTEL
One of the best situated and equipped hotels on the Clyde Coast. On sea front overlooking two Golf Courses, and only 1¼ hours by air from London. Luxury appointments, private suites, cocktail Bar, Saturday Dinner Dances. Tel.: 980.

WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. OATLANDS PARK HOTEL
One of Britain's best-run Country Hotels, only 30 mins. from London's West End. Own Swimming Pool, Sporting Golf Course, Tennis, Squash, Dancing, Billiards, Bowls—all free to residents. 60 acres grounds, 150 rooms (many with private bath); self-contained suites. Moderate inclusive terms. Brochure. Weybridge 1190.

SINCE MID-VICTORIAN TIMES

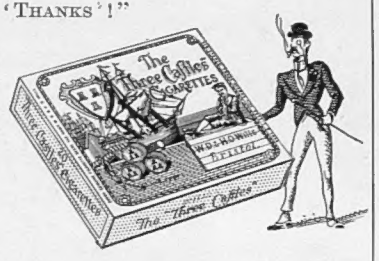
QUITE UNIMPORTANT

Thompson *(interrogatively, to Beauteous but Haughty Damsel, whom he has just helped to alight):* "I BEG YOUR PARDON?"

Haughty Damsel: "I DID NOT SPEAK!"

Thompson: "OH, I THOUGHT YOU SAID 'THANKS'!"

[Thompson thereupon installed himself within the first-class compartment so lately vacated by the ill-graced Young Miss. Fortunately, the delight engendered from his Three Castles cigarette—that cigarette without peer—did much to restore a better humour toward the Fairer Sex.



20 for 3/11d.

It's always been

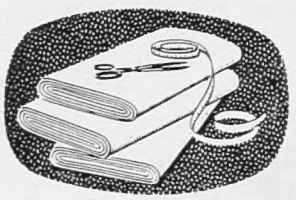
THE "THREE CASTLES"

CIGARETTES *for The Quality*

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. TT278H

Very personally yours

SHIRTS ***MADE TO MEASURE IN 'TRICOLINE'***

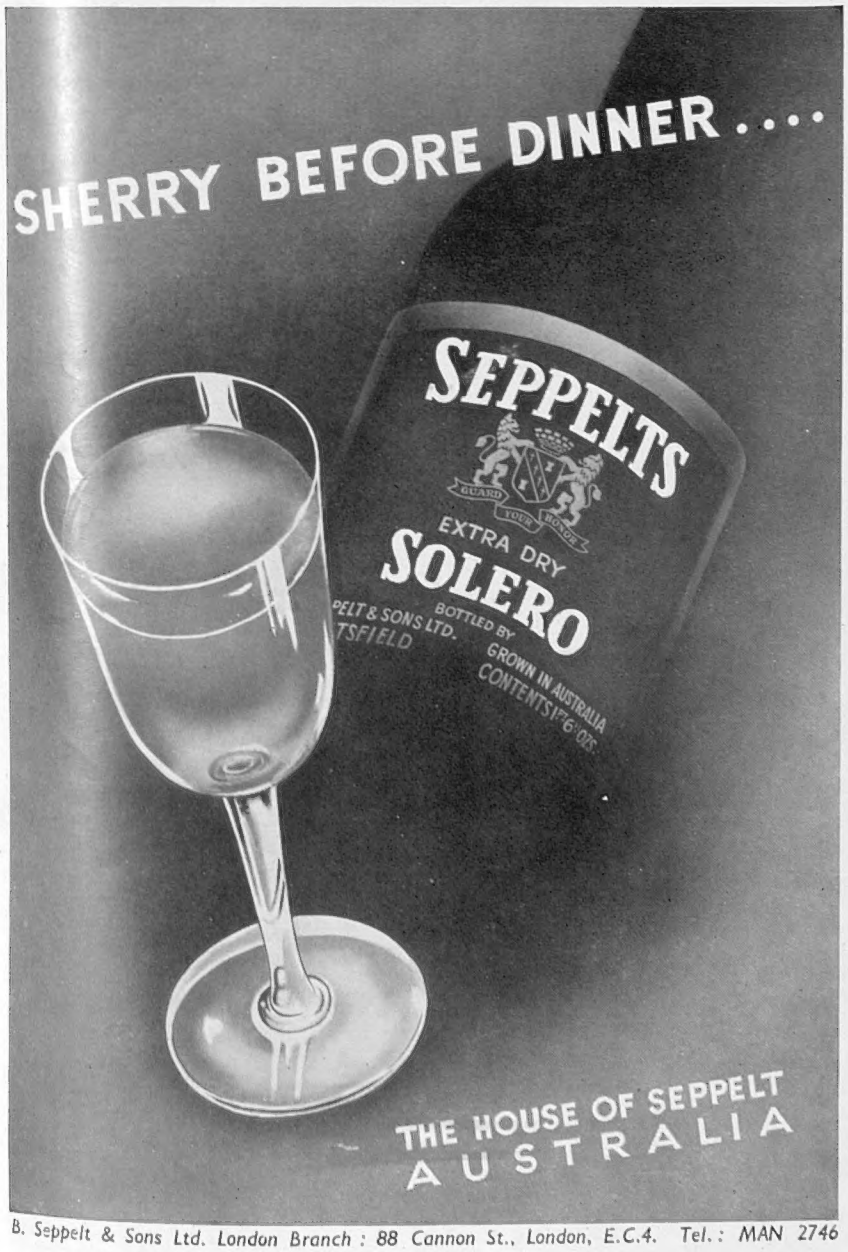


Are you long in the arm? Broad across the shoulders? Do you like your own personal wishes to be met regarding collar shapes or pleated backs? Men with an eye to the niceties of life have their shirts made to measure in "Tricoline", thereby enabling all their fancies to be willingly, gladly, incorporated. 69/6, including two "Trubenised" collars. Step along and see the new Tricoline patterns right away.

HORNE
BROTHERS·LIMITED

HORNE BROTHERS LIMITED, 415/417 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.
Branches throughout London and the Provinces.
55.H.1

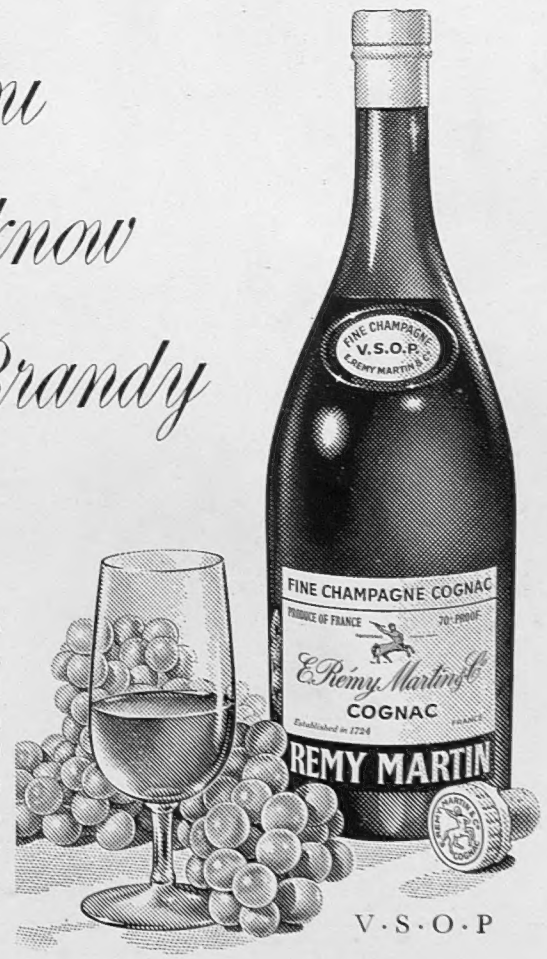
SHERRY BEFORE DINNER....



B. Seppelt & Sons Ltd. London Branch: 88 Cannon St., London, E.C.4. Tel.: MAN 2746

What you should know about Brandy

V·S·O·P

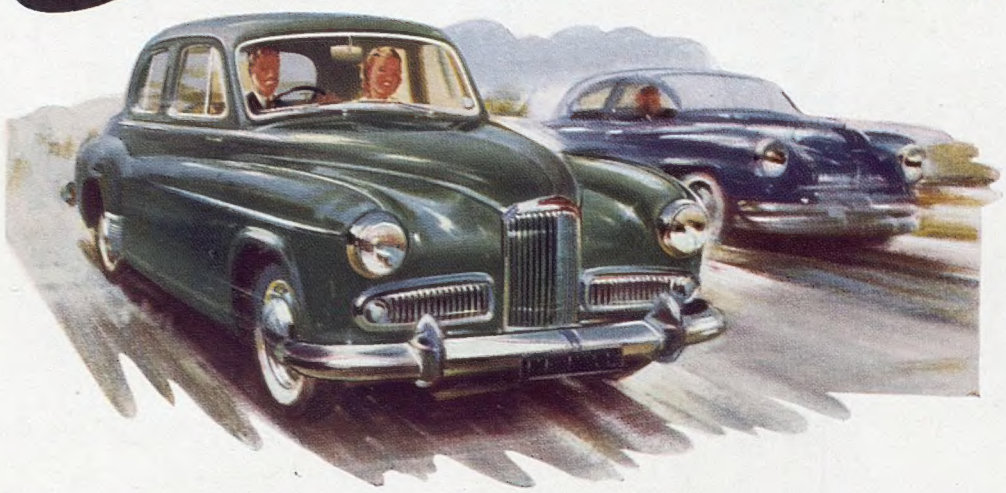


The best brandy comes from Cognac. The finest Cognac comes from the Grande and Petite Champagne districts in the centre of Cognac. *All* Remy Martin Cognac is made from grapes grown *exclusively* in these two areas. That is why people ask for Remy Martin and are never disappointed.

V·S·O·P

REMY MARTIN
Pride of Cognac

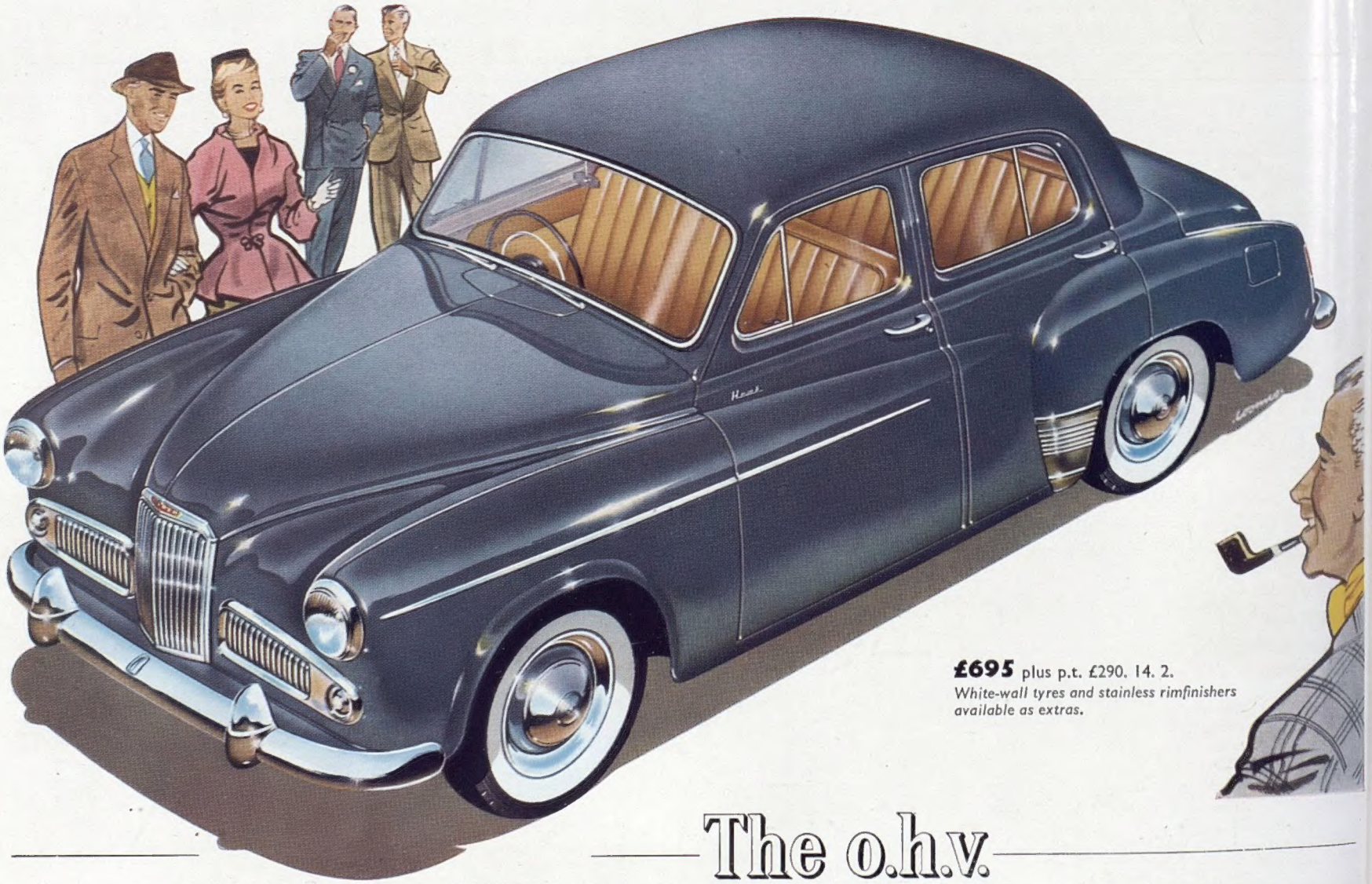
GO AHEAD BUY A HAWK!



The quick, live power of a 20% more powerful overhead valve engine giving vivid, exciting acceleration, is yours to command. All the luxury, the comfort, the built-in quality of a truly great car—and over 80 m.p.h! Larger brakes for greater safety and numerous detail refinements all for no extra cost! **AND WITH OVERDRIVE** (£45 plus p.t. £18.15.0) still more miles per gallon, still better top gear performance. Less engine wear too.

PACKED WITH POWER

AND READY TO PROVE IT!



£695 plus p.t. £290. 14. 2.
White-wall tyres and stainless rimfinishers available as extras.

The o.h.v. HUMBER HAWK

A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP

BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI
MOTOR CAR MANUFACTURERS
HUMBER LTD.

HUMBER LIMITED COVENTRY · LONDON SHOWROOMS AND EXPORT DIVISION: ROOTES LIMITED DEVONSHIRE HOUSE PICCADILLY LONDON W.1

Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2. SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1955. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.